

LIFE



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BURT LANCASTER

In Color:
**SPECTACLE
of the
MARCH**

THE LEADERS:
RANDOLPH
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SEPTEMBER 6 • 1963 • 25¢



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THE RELIABLE PARKER JOTTER

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T-Ball magnified
hundreds of times

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50,000 grippers make Jotters nonskippers

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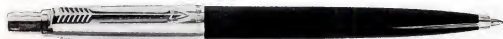
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This One





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The Lennon family gains a son—and another Maytag

Three years ago, the 11 children of Mr. and Mrs. William Lennon of Venice, California, were featured in one of our Maytag ads.

Mrs. Lennon, a Maytag owner for the 2nd time, related how her 2nd Maytag Automatic was doing the wash for all 13 Lennons, and had never needed repair.

On October 16, 1960, daughter Dianne became Mrs. Richard Gass of Venice, California. In March, she followed the family tradition by becoming a Maytag owner. Her new automatic

has many of the same features as her mother's. For example, an Automatic Fabric Conditioner Dispenser, Lint Filter Agitator, and the special cycle for washable woolens.

But what Dianne really wants, is the same Maytag dependability that she has seen in the 13 years her mother has owned Maytags.

That never changes, Mrs. Gass!

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 310L-9, Newton, Iowa.



MAYTAG
the dependable automatics

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The Effort behind Our News in Color

Recently we have brought you more and more last-minute news events in color—the Astronaut flights, the eclipse, the death of Pope John, the new Pope, Christine Keeler. We are not, of course, deserting black and white, with the beauty of its contrasts and subtle shadings. But events happen in color. The eye sees them that way. And often, to report them in color rather than black and white adds to the truth of the matter.

This week we chose two last-minute news events to report on in color—the rescue of the trapped Pennsylvania miners and the freedom march on Washington. Fortunately we had a day's leeway on the rescue, but the march took place on the same day we go to press. Even normal black and white coverage would have taken fast footwork. Attempting it in color placed an enormous added burden on our forces, especially on Color Director, Dan Sibley. Working under Art Director Bernard Quint, Sibley is responsible for the quality of our color reproductions.



COLOR DIRECTOR DAN SIBLEY

R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., printer in Chicago, makes most of our engravings, prints most of our color and the majority of our black and white. To help Donnelley's take on this extra load of color, three presses were reserved in its plant and a chartered DC-7 was kept standing by to fly Sibley and the film to Chicago. While our photographers recorded the pageantry of the march in Washington, messengers kept the exposed film constantly on the move from the demonstration site to the Washington airport, from where it was couriered to New York for processing in our color laboratory. By one a.m. we had made the final selection of pictures and Sibley was on his way.

In Chicago, the complex work of translating color film onto printed page began. The electronic scanners, skilled craftsmen, mechanical etchers, ink experts bent to the task. Proofs were scrutinized by Sibley, corrected and finally, at 4 p.m. Friday, he said O.K. There was another day of molding plates, locking them onto press cylinders before the three presses started rolling the story off, 135,000 copies per hour. Sibley started home.

Still to come was the task of binding over seven million copies of the story into the waiting magazines. More than four million were bound in Chicago. To meet our countrywide distribution schedule, we shipped by jet plane three million copies of the story—100 tons of paper—to plants in Connecticut and California.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

Pork Lovers Are No Credit to Our Democracy

Among the people most involved, especially congressmen, LIFE's recent story on the federal pork barrel ("Innards of a Fat Pig," Aug. 16) touched highly sensitive nerves. Their reactions, a sample of which can be read on page 19, included the more or less angry defense of virtually every project in which LIFE had sniffed the odor of pork. Only Senator Proxmire and a few other economy-minded congressmen, plus a small army of taxpayers, thought we had done a public service by exposing this waste of public funds.

The loudest screams came from the area of the biggest pork project, the late Senator Kerr's \$1.2 billion Arkansas River Navigation dreamboat which may or may not pay off in a hundred years. Among those outraged at this "libel on the memory of Senator Kerr" and "insult to Oklahomans" was Congressman Carl Albert, the House majority leader. He nevertheless added, with what *The Oklahoman* described as "a grin," that if Ark-Nav is pork, "I'd rather have it in Oklahoma than somewhere else." In that remark lies the essence of the pork problem.

Some congressmen resorted to a more hypocritical defense. Claiming that LIFE rang the bell at the wrong address, they argue that public works projects are not really originated in Congress but forced on it by the overwhelming demand of its constituents, the American people. If the people want to milk their own treasury, can Congress stand in their way? "We're just politicians," they argue, meaning messenger boys.

This is the oldest dodge in the rhetoric of an irresponsible congressman. Pork is the use of national funds for a private, parochial or political investment whose benefits to the nation are too dubious or remote to justify it. A congressman who knowingly votes for pork thus defined, and blames it on "the people," is downgrading the intelligence of his own constituents. He is accepting a version of democracy that encourages the voters to corrupt themselves, and thus makes democracy unworkable.

It was a lot more reassuring to hear from congressmen like Senator Keating, who pointed out one logical remedy for the pork barrel evil. Assume for argument's sake that Congress as presently organized is incapable of resisting the smell of pork, because log-rolling is inherent in the legislative process. The remedy is the item veto: "to allow the President to veto specific items in appropriation bills without having to veto the entire bill," as governors of 40 states now can do. "I have been advocating an item veto at the national level for more than a decade," says Keating. Presidents ever since Grant have asked for the item veto (including Eisenhower, Truman and F.D.R.), but Congress won't even debate it.

Senator Fulbright heatedly called LIFE's article "a libel of the entire Congress." But Congress has a better defense than name-calling and buck-passing. It could reduce its own temptations and improve its own archaic organization. If it won't buy the item veto, let it pass a bill which Senators Case, Clark and Keating sent to the Rules Committee last week. This would form a Hoover-type commission to review and overhaul a dozen

of Congress's basic mechanical shortcomings, from committee workloads to conflicts of interest and floor rules.

The last effort to modernize Congress was in 1946, since which time the nation has added some 50 million people, two new states and a whole new range of programs at home and abroad. "The public is beginning to lose confidence in the ability of the Congress to meet the problems of the 20th Century," says Case.

The current session of the 88th Congress, one of the longest and slowest in history, certainly supports Case's point. It has sometimes seemed incapable of doing anything *except* passing pork legislation, or striking out blindly at unpopular but essential programs, as in the House's slashes at foreign aid last week. If Congress wants to restore public confidence it had better do two things: a) get cracking on the real problems now before it, such as civil rights, taxes and labor law reforms (see below); and then b) take a good long look at itself.

... and Congress Has Work to Do

In 48 frantic hours last week, Congress broke its torpor long enough to subject the key issues of the railroad dispute to compulsory arbitration, thus holding off an intolerable strike. In so voting, Congress in effect was forced to decide that collective bargaining in a basic industry had come to the end of the road. The complex mediating and delaying machinery of the National Railway Act had failed. So had several *ad hoc* panels and the energetic intervention of Labor Secretary Wirtz. Yet compulsory arbitration is no permanent or even desirable solution for the railroads or any other basic industry. It has worked imperfectly where tried and is usually the sign (as the last refuge of the weaker party) that bargaining power is out of balance. In the work rules dispute the railroad brotherhoods had the power and the willingness to strangle the national economy. Congress had to countervail. But what next?

► In the aftermath of its 48 frantic hours, Congress must now face up to a problem that ought to be on the White House "must" list but isn't. It must decide what to do about labor's justifiable fear of job insecurity and automation, about labor leadership unjustifiably contemptuous of the public interest, and about the laws that now give this leadership undue privileges and powers.

► Congress also faces Item No. 1 on the President's "must" list, namely tax reform and reduction. The House Ways and Means Committee, having worked on it since early February, is now almost ready to report a bill. Instead of reform—*i.e.*, the simpler and fairer tax rules we all need—the committee will recommend a cut of about 18% in individual income taxes under more or less the same old messy rules. In the absence of stronger administrative leadership for basic tax reform, a great opportunity was booted. Sad.

Even so, a healthy tax cut is itself a reform; and since the economy needs it, let's get it. From a strict budget standpoint, we haven't earned lower taxes; yet most economists and business leaders are prepared to accept a temporary increase in the deficit for the sake of the broad expansion that lower taxes would stimulate. Unlike public works (see above), the stimulus of a tax cut runs through the whole economy, not just isolated parts of it. Senator Byrd and other budget-balancers are more than ever needed as watchdogs of federal waste to help limit the deficit. But now that a long-needed tax cut is a real possibility, we urge them not to stand in its way.



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do you think
you should
smoke?

**Kent with the MICRONITE
Filter offers smokers the
best balance of filtration
and mild, satisfying taste**

"Balance" is the key word. Because you can go too far in either direction.

Lorillard Research developed the "Micronite" filter to do a good job in filtration. That stands to reason. But they never forgot the fact that real smoking pleasure calls for satisfying taste as well.

So, if you smoke a filter cigarette (or even if you don't), don't you think you should smoke Kent?

**FOR BOTH MILDNESS
AND SATISFYING TASTE
SMOKE KENT**

KENT

THE F I N E R THE F I L T E R, THE M I L D E R THE TASTE

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The Special K Breakfast that fits so many modern diets

*built around the low-fat, protein cereal
that tastes good, too*

The newer knowledge of food (and of food's effect on the body) is carefully reflected in the Special K Breakfast. This breakfast is built around a unique cereal food—Kellogg's Special K.

Those concerned about the amount and type of fat in their diets can enjoy the Special K Breakfast without a qualm. A serving of Special K (1½ cups) with 4 ounces of skim milk contains only 0.24 grams of fat. An insignificant amount.

Weight-conscious folks can take satisfaction in the fact that the Special K Menu totals no more than 400 calories. At the same

time, it provides the complete high-quality protein (and other nutrients) needed in the early morning to get going.

And finally, the modern dieter, besides recognizing that eating sensibly at breakfast is vital, also wants the foods chosen to be appetizing. To the taste, to the eye, in the mouth.

Special K is, indeed, a delicious cereal. Crisp and light, enjoyable week after week, month after month.

Doesn't the Special K Breakfast fit into your diet—or someone's in your family?

"The best to you each morning"

Kellogg's SPECIAL K

THE SPECIAL K BREAKFAST

4 ounces of orange or tomato juice
—or half a medium-size grapefruit

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

(Only 240 calories)

The Nutrition Story of Kellogg's Special K

One serving of Special K (1½ cups with ½ cup skim milk) supplies 14% of the recommended daily protein allowance for an adult man, and approximately these percentages of his minimum daily requirements as established by the Food & Drug Administration:

Thiamine (B ₁)	44%
Riboflavin (B ₂)	60%
Niacin	51%
Vitamin C	38%
Vitamin D	50%
Calcium	22%
Phosphorus	22%
Iron	36%



LIFE GUIDE

Super sights for sidewalk supers; land-rush days and lady song-belters

Construction Sites

CALIFORNIA. *Oroville* Dam will be the highest in the U.S. and the third largest earth dam in the world. Some 1,800 workmen are forming concrete blocks, using 16-ton buckets on an overhead cable to pour a core across the Feather River canyon. The builders have provided an observation area off U.S. Alternate 40—signs point the way. Crane-gazing may become a career in *Los Angeles*, where 2,588 permits for new buildings were issued last year. A monorail is being installed around the top of the R.C.A. Building on Sunset Boulevard to hoist 234 pre-cast wall panels into place. Near the International Airport a new type of crane is pouring concrete for Webb's International Hotel, where glaziers will put in double windows to cut down airport noise. The barricade at the Occidental Towers' site is painted to represent a western town, and "windows" reveal spandrel work. A gothic dome will be the new Cinema theater in *Hollywood*. Around the clock, pre-cast sections of concrete are being lifted together—they are a fine sight for night-blooming superintendents.

CONNECTICUT. *Harford's* 527-foot Traveler Tower offers a bird's-eye view of urban renewal. From here one can peer down on \$35 million Constitution Plaza, inspect warehouse and research facilities rising on Windsor Street, gaze at the construction of a huge interchange to guide traffic using Interstate Highways 81 and 91, or view the demolition of two Main Street buildings. But hurry—Sept. 13 the tower closes for the season.

FLORIDA. Ten miles north of Cocoa off U.S. A1A construction is under way on NASA's Vertically Assembled Building, which will have a volume larger than the Pentagon and Chicago's Merchandise Mart put together. Huge pile drivers are pounding more than four million steel-pile foundation pilings into the squishy Merritt Island ground. If you can stand the deafening noise, it is an enthralling sight—especially under lights at night as work continues around the clock.

From a boat or from MacArthur Causeway you can see the beginnings of Miami's new \$20 million port facility on a new 200-acre island created of fill dredged from Biscayne Bay.

MISSISSIPPI. To check the erosion caused by the mighty Mississippi, an Army Engineers' staff of riverbank new will lay huge concrete slabs at points along a 22-mile stretch of the river's east bank south from Commerce Point to Flower Lake through Sept. 13. The "mattresses" will be slid into place from barges—a fine sight for riverbank superintendents willing to tread over rough dirt roads to get there.

LOUISIANA. While you are prowling the Mississippi, head downstream toward *Donaldsonville* to look in on the construction of the Sunshine Bridge. Marine derricks are now putting steel in place on the 800-foot trestle span from the east bank to one of the giant caissons that will support the 825-foot center span. From State 44 there is a fine view of the sure-footed construction workers going about their duties at dizzy heights and of the busy barge traffic along the river.

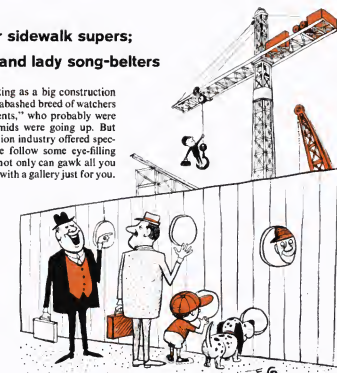
NEW YORK. As commuters inch in from Long Island they can watch the 1964 World's Fair abounding in *Flushing Meadows*. Heading south on Grand Central Parkway, they pass the curved bones of the Ford Pavilion on their right, the Port Authority heliport and restaurant (both due to open in October) and the scaffold-encrusted facade of the GM exhibit. On the left behind the 1939 World's Fair New York City Building is the symbol of the new fair, the Unisphere.

Bridge watchers can get an eyeful at two sites in New York. From the corner of Fourth Avenue and Shore Road in Brooklyn they can see section of roadway, weighing 388 tons each, being swung into place on the Verrazano Bridge. The 181st Street Washington Bridge over the Harlem River provides a vantage point for watching the Cross-Bronx and Major Deegan Expressways being brought together at the east end of the Alexander Hamilton Bridge.

At a number of skyscraper sites in New York are huge new tower cranes designed to get hoisting machines off the streets. Looking like giant gallows, they haul themselves higher and higher, as the building grows, to keep on top of every situation. At Sixth Avenue and 53rd Street behind a clear plastic wall, two such tower cranes are busily at work. On West 72nd Street you can see one with a 400-foot boom helping out with a new apartment house.

NORTH CAROLINA. An \$8.5 million highway between North Carolina and Tennessee is being sliced through the Great Smoky Mountains. Work has started on a 1,100-foot tunnel south of the border near State 32, and along the right-of-way you can watch engineers excavating cuts that sometimes go 180 feet deep. Motoring onlookers can reach the site from *Newport, Tenn.*

OKLAHOMA. Four big dam projects—three federal, one state—are under way near *Tulsa*. North of the city on U.S. 169 the Verdigris River is rising to



Construction critics of all sizes are welcomed, if not always listened to.

form a lake behind *Oologah Dam*, and signs direct the sightseer to the site. Nearing completion also is *Keystone Dam* on the Arkansas, on U.S. 64. *Eufaula Dam*, south on U.S. 69, is in an earlier stage of construction. To the east by State 33, Robert S. Kerr Dam will back up the Grand River. A good dirt road leads right to the damsite.

PENNSYLVANIA. A special parking area for rubbernecks on State 59 northeast of *Warren* overlooks the activity at the Kinzua Dam site. This \$110 million project is a sore subject with the Seneca Indians because it will flood part of their reservation.

SOUTH CAROLINA. The spine-chilling, tinkerty, roller-coaster *Crane Memorial Bridge* in *Charleston* is acquiring a less hair-raising companion. Workmen are now pouring concrete for the main supports. The spidery cantilever trusses will go into place later.

TENNESSEE. A visitor's overlook and special exhibit are at the AEC's construction site for the Experimental Gas-Cooled Reactor Plant near *Oak Ridge*. Nearby, at the Edgemore Bridge, is a parking spot from which to observe work on the Bull Run Steam Plant where an 800-foot chimney is going up. This plant will be the world's most powerful turbogenerator. As a bonus visitors can now view the formerly top secret Gaseous Diffusion Plant from a special observation area off the east side of *Gauseville* 13 miles south of the city.

UTAH. If you like to supervise big digging jobs, a huge electric shovel, standing 50 feet high, can be seen in action at the Kennecott Copper Corporation's open-pit mine in *Bingham*. In *Salt Lake*

City the Mormon church is excavating for a 1,600-car underground garage (five stories deep) over which will be built several church buildings, including one 25 stories high.

VIRGINIA. Seaborne superintendents taking the Kiptopeke-Little Creek ferry trip to *Norfolk* have a fine view of the monster slab-setter placing 65-ton concrete roadbed sections on the trestles of the 17.6-mile, over-and-over bridge-tunnel complex which spans the mouth of *Chesapeake Bay*. Main-mast islands mark the spots where the two tunnels (both over a mile long) dive under the bay's main channels. The "bridge" will close the last water gap in the 998-mile Ocean Hi-Way (U.S. 13) which stretches from New York to Florida.

WISCONSIN. Does your superintending interest run to ships? Eight nine sweepers, costing \$2 million each, are in various stages of construction at *Peterson Builders Inc.* shipyard in *Sturgeon Bay* (tours Tuesdays and Thursdays or by special arrangement). The yard can also be seen from the launch *Lullaby* which makes a daily tour of the waterfront.

Festivals

PENNSYLVANIA. Musical folk gather in *Poole* Sept. 6-8 for the Philadelphia Folk Festival. Starting with a square dance, singers and strummers will work through four concerts, two singing sessions, a banjo contest, a forum on folk music and some instrumental workshops. Among the talent on tap: Theodore Bikel, Elizabeth Cotton, Mike Seeger, Dave Van Ronk, Bonnie Dobson, George Britton, Sonny Miller.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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LIFE GUIDE

CONTINUED

SOUTH CAROLINA. Apple-cheeked contenders vie for the queen's crown at the Apple Festival in Westminster, Oconee County, Sept. 12. The town's high school football team is pitted against Travelers Rest High on the 13th, and the celebration gets to its core with tours of the orchards on the 14th.

ILLINOIS. Also doing the big apple, Sept. 12-14, *Marquette* will be set astride by the ruffe of drums and blare of bagpipes in a musical corps contest, will serve free cider and doughnuts to all comers, and will wind up its Apple Festival with the coronation of "Miss Egypt."

MINNESOTA. Jesse and Frank James and the Younger brothers rode confidently into *Northfield* on Sept. 7, 1876 to raid the First National Bank. After seven minutes and a raging battle, one of the gang was dead, the others in retreat. On Sept. 7 the town re-enacts the encounter, with a "Defeat of Jesse James Day," in memory of Lee Kayward, the bank's cashier who was killed by the bandits when he refused, at gunpoint, to open the safe.

OKLAHOMA. Perry, Ponca City, Enid and Blackwell celebrate land rush days, Sept. 14-16, with parades, carnivals and barbecues. In the territory 70 years ago an unsettled slice of land, known as the Cherokee Strip, was put up for grabs. On Sept. 16, 1893 near Orlando a starting gun sent families racing to stake claims for 160-acre homesteads. To help mark the event descendants of

original settlers, some of whom still live on their grandpa's "homesteads," will raise the dust with re-enactments of the rush.

Books

THE DOT AND THE LINE. This is a highly inventive and touching little love story, in words and clever illustrations of all sorts, about just what the title says—a girl dot and a boy line who, in the end, triumphs over his archival, a squiggle. It is by Norton Juster, whose recent *Phantom Tollbooth* is a minor juvenile triumph. (Random)

THE LOST ART. Burton Bernstein has a sharp ear for the blather he hears in New York, and in a self-styled non-book he records a few dozen mythical, quite possible dialogues in all subjects and all contemporary argot. James Stevenson's illustrations are subtle and apt. (World)

EIGHT MEN OUT. Eliot Asinof reveals the human tragedy—and as much of the truth as is available—surrounding the Black Sox World Series scandal of 1919. This dramatic chronicle of how and why the games were rigged has an eerie, current sound. (Holt)

Sports

CALIFORNIA. Distance swimmers and some 200 other paddlers and stokers will churn up the waters off *La Jolla* in its 32nd annual Ocean Race and Aqua Festival, Sept. 8. The most spectacular swim is a rough water race best viewed from a ledge overlooking the course. Former trophy winners include Buster Crabbe and Florence Chadwick. Max (I Cover the Waterfront) Miller takes



Moving targets at Necedah test the bow-twangs of would-be William Tell.

the plunge annually and, annually, comes crawling in last.

WISCONSIN. Arrows zing Sept. 7, 8 in the Broadhead Shoot at Necedah Wildlife Refuge, where ace bowhunters gather to let fly at stationary and pop-up targets before taking aim at the real thing when the deer season officially opens on the 21st.

Records

LES GIRLS. Though challenged by the most talented array of young female singers in years, the oldtimers show in recent releases that they aren't about to be eclipsed. Lena Horne offers plenty

of her famous oomph and sparkle in *Lena Sings Your Requests* (Charter). *The Best of Judy Garland* (Decca) traces Judy all the way from *You Made Me Love You* to the present, and in the process shows that the *Over the Rainbow* girl is still about the best around. Ella Fitzgerald does some skillful swinging to show tunes in *Ella Sings Broadway* (Verve). Sultry, silky Peggy Lee is right at home with her hip progressive backup in *Mink Jazz* (Capitol).

Top newcomer is zany, Brooklyn-born Barbra Streisand whose first album made her the U.S.'s best-selling girl vocalist. *The Second Barbra Streisand Album* (Columbia) is even better and includes a shouting version of *Lover Come Back to Me* that would stop an itinerant Lohan in his tracks. There's no mistaking the impish pixie whose little-girl voice on *The Unmistakable Tommy Grimes* (Columbia) gives her songs enchantingly wry humor.

Little Peggy March, 15, and Lesley Gore, 17, are currently in-vogue with the Top Ten set. Peggy's *I Will Follow Him* (RCA Victor) and Lesley's *I'll Cry If I Want To* (Mercury) depict traditional anguishes of teen-age love with a rock 'n' roll beat. Shirley Bassey and Georgia Brown (star of *Oliver!*) are from England but resemblance ends there. On her United Artists album, Shirley plays it straight in pushy supper club style and belts out with dynamic force. Husky-voiced Georgia's London LPs, especially *Georgia Brown Sings Kurt Weill*, seem haunted by Marlene Dietrich's *Blue Angel*.

Six-foot Judy Henske is one fledgling whose singing nobody can take seriously, but she stirs into her first Elektra album such a wacky concoction of obscure folk songs and absurd stories that you can't help being attracted.



Perfect Pizza with real Italian flavor

Now easier and quicker to prepare than ever! Just add water to the new faster-to-fix mix and you're guaranteed a tender, crunchy crust every time. Rich, true Italian-style pizza sauce, deftly seasoned with the perfect combination of herbs and spices. Topped with a blend of choice Italian-style cheeses. Two delicious pizzas to try. Chef Cheese Pizza and Chef Sausage Pizza. Each comes complete in one package and gives you even greater convenience. Try them both.

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EVERYTHING IN U.S. AND CANADA



Sears announces a new kind of honey-bee that likes people too much to sting them

Next spring, Sears, Roebuck and Co. will sell a new breed of bee that hardly ever stings. It delivers more honey than the nasty *old* model. Read this amazing example of how far Sears goes to get a better product.

IN 1902, when Sears went into the bee business, the standard bee was a mean but hard-working little insect who'd sting if you looked at it cross-eyed. At last, sixty-one years later, there's a *new model*.

Bee experts crossed the standard bee with the "Caucasian" bee, a gentle type but one who hates to work. The result of this cross-breeding is a new *kind* of bee, *sweet-tempered yet hard-working*, called the "Midnite."

The fantastic life of the bee

Did you know that only the *queen* bee gives birth, that she can determine the sex of the egg at will, that she and a male "drone" get together just once on a wild "nuptial flight" high into the sky? Did you know that scout bees tell the hive where nectar is by *dancing*?

BULLETIN: Just before this went to press, a West German zoologist revealed the world's first proof that bees can *talk*. The sounds are made with the wings. The pitch and the time intervals between the sounds

tell the *quality* and the *quantity* of new-found food.

Another good product made better

The story of the "Midnite" bee is the story of *product improvement* at Sears. It is dramatic but by no means unique. Sears sells 200,000 different items—bees, diamonds, hammers, mink, linoleum, and American flags. Thousands of Sears people have a single mission in their business lives: "Make it *better*—and make it *cost less*."

To keep up the good fight, Sears has an enormous advantage over anybody else. It's the Sears laboratory, largest private consumer lab in the world. Out of this laboratory have come product improvements that help make Sears known everywhere for *value*.

Sears historic guarantee

The endless *striving* for better products helps Sears make and *keep* its famous promise to you—*Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back*.

← These extremely gentle "Midnite" bees will be available next spring from Sears. But this isn't really an advertisement for bees. The Sears folks hope the bee story demonstrates how they work to improve *all* their products. Note: Sears is announcing its 77th Anniversary Sale in bee talk: "Make a beeline to Sears for a booney of a sale"—Sept. 11 to 21. *Amazing value!*

Marlboro Country



This morning we made about 100 million Marlboros, and they smelled as good in their own way as fresh bread right out of the oven. There's an aroma and a flavor in Marlboro you just don't find in other filter cigarettes. It comes from a special breed of tobaccos in the famous Richmond, Va., recipe—aged for deeper character, and richer flavor. With the exclusive Selectrate[®] Filter, the flavor comes through the way you want it to—smooth, friendly and just hefty enough. Settle back. You get a world of flavor in Marlboro Country. You get a lot to like.

Pitchers make snails look fast

So **THROW**
the Ball!by ERNEST
HAVEMANN

Every sports fan knows that records are made to be broken, but the way things are going, one record is as safe as Fort Knox: on Sept. 28, 1919 the Giants and the Phils played the shortest game in baseball history—51 minutes.

Nowadays it is impossible to find any games—I know because I have been timing them with a stop watch—in which the pitchers do not just stand around and hold the ball for a total of at least 51 minutes, and usually much more. In the fastest game I have seen recently, the pitchers on the two teams held the ball for a total of one hour 8 minutes and 30 seconds, which is exactly 17 minutes and 30 seconds longer than it took for all the action to take place on that day in 1919, including the scoring of seven runs.

For years, in answer to complaints about the pace of modern baseball, the authorities have been tinkering with the rules in an effort to speed it up. But although it may help a little to keep the managers from rushing onto the field at the slightest provocation and to get the sides changed more quickly between innings, it is chiefly pitchers who have stretched it into a slow-motion parody of an athletic contest.

I can only conclude that the modern pitcher, for reasons it would probably take a psychiatrist to fathom, *hates* to pitch. He cannot bear the thought of throwing the ball to the plate. His ingenuity at postponing the fateful moment is uncanny.

My study of this baffling phenomenon started one day when my wife turned on our television set to the ninth inning of a Yankee-White Sox game. The score was tied; the Yankees had a man on with one out, and Jim Brosnan had just come in to try to save the game for the White Sox. As it happened, I had the New York Times in my lap, and I noticed something that intrigued me. When the catcher threw the ball back to Brosnan, I found that I could safely look away from the television screen, read a couple of quick paragraphs in the Times and still get my eyes back in time for the pitch.

It occurred to me right then that the reason I have changed from an avid baseball fan to a man who can take it or leave it is slow-motion pitchers like Jim Brosnan. My subsequent research showed that I had the right idea but the wrong culprit.

As modern pitchers go, Brosnan is fairly fast. Even in that tight ninth-inning spot, my stop watch showed that he was serving the ball up to the plate on an average of every 17½ seconds. There are dozens of big league pitchers, I soon discovered, who take longer than that even in the first inning, without a base runner in sight. Brosnan looks slow. To watch him you would think he was taking forever. But this is because he is one of the few modern pitchers who has not developed an elaborate camouflage to conceal his procrastination. He is ingenuous and without guile. Once he has the ball, he just stands there until he throws it back. A man who stands motionless for 17½ seconds is bound to be conspicuous.

Most pitchers look fast but are in reality slow. Take Detroit's Jim Bunning. After Bunning gets the ball, he spends 10 seconds or more busily adjusting his cap. You can't blame him for that, can you? Not unless you have noticed, as I have, that he does it every time. *Invariably*. His cap doesn't need adjusting that often any more than his right ear.

After he has finished with the cap, Bunning bends slowly forward, like a man with a bad scoliosis, rests both hands solidly on his knees and peers in for the catcher's sign. I have friends in Detroit, students of the game, who assure me that Bunning has only three basic pitches—a fast ball, a curve and a slider. The catcher's sign can mean only one of three things. Yet Bunning studies it as if it were the Rosetta Stone and he a near-sighted archaeologist. It sometimes takes him 20 seconds apparently just to decide which of the three pitches the catcher wants. He looks busy. He isn't.

Dallas Green of the Phils has the cute trick of breaking down the interval into two instalments. First he stands motionless for a long time peering in for his sign. Then he goes to his stop position and stands motionless again until the spindly moves him. I once started timing him after one man was out and clocked him at 6 minutes flat of holding the ball while completing the inning. It is probably a good thing that he takes his ease between pitches in separate doses, else he would be in grave danger of falling asleep.

The techniques are endless. A good, determined time killer, dedicated to keeping the bleacher fans out in the hot sun as long as possible, can waste 10 seconds just taking off his cap and mopping his brow. He can pound the ball into his glove for 10 more seconds, then take off the glove and rub the ball a while.



On the mound, Detroit's Jim Bunning takes off his cap, wipes his brow, puts cap back 'on—does everything but pitch.



Snider was, when Burdette finally released that pitch.

My notes show that the record for a single pitch, however, is not held by Burdette but, as one might almost guess, by a Met. It was set that same night. Carl Willey gave up two hits to start the game, then did something that is almost incredible even in this era of slow-motion pitchers. Facing the third batter, Dick Groat, he held the ball for 45 seconds, started his pitching motion, thought better of it and stopped. Poor fellow, he was not yet ready; he had been trying to rush matters. Naturally the umpire called a balk. After the runners had moved up a base, Willey held the ball for 50 more seconds before he could finally bring himself to let go. Total elapsed time between pitches: one minute and 35 seconds, not counting the delay caused by the balk call.

Willey also set another record. He was knocked out after pitching two thirds of an inning, at which point he had already held the ball a total of 12 minutes and 29 seconds. If you project this figure for two thirds of an inning to a full nine innings, and add the time it takes for the teams to change sides, you come up with a ball game that takes exactly six hours just for the time when nothing is happening. The way our pitchers are going, they might make it some day.

He can turn around and stare at the center-field fence; many pitchers stare at the fence as if they had never seen one before. Dave Morehead of the Red Sox likes to stare toward center field and simultaneously rub the ball, as if he considered it impolite to do so in view of the batter.

Scraping the dirt around the mound with the side of the shoe is another useful device. Roger Craig and Tracy Stallard of the Mets scrape the dirt so long and painstakingly that they almost seem to be writing love letters in the sand. Stan Williams of the Yankees, who is a sort of dectation man among the time wasters, is adept at all these techniques and sometimes uses every single one of them before a pitch, topping off his repertoire with his own unique habit of flapping his arms across his chest like an Eskimo trying to get some circulation going. He does this even when the temperature is 100 in the shade.

For the slowest of all pitchers, day in and day out, my records point clearly to Lou Burdette of the Cardinals. Burdette is an itchy fellow who never throws the ball until he has thoroughly scratched his scalp, his forehead, his nose, his lips and his chin, and often his elbows, shoulders, chest, belly and small of the back as well. His ex-manager Fred Haney once said, "Burdette would make coffee nervous."

Whatever the state of his nerves, Burdette goes through some truly remarkable delaying actions. One evening recently he was coasting along in the ninth with a 6-0 lead over the Mets, no threat going, the game in the bag, yet he stood fidgeting for 53 seconds before throwing a pitch to Duke Snider. For a rough idea of how interminable 53 seconds can be, ask a friend to call you on the telephone and let it ring for 53 seconds. You will hear it ring 12 times and by the time you pick it up you will be ready to scream—as I was, and assume Duke

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These socks are not for old fogies or young fogies, either. A combination of high-bulk Orlon® acrylic and stretch Crew-saders are for those young men of every age who know better than to confuse stodginess with maturity. (King size fits everybody else.) They're made by Interwoven, and, as further encouragement, a pair costs only a dollar fifty.

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Look for the clown for the best drink in town!



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Send 'em back to school safe and happy on a beautiful, built-to-last Western Flyer

Don't buy any bike 'til you've seen
these stand-out Western Flyer features!



COSMIC FLYER TANK MODEL

Sturdy and streamlined 4-bar frame. Twin center truss bars. "Missile" tank with top control panel. Powerful twin lights.

LONDON FLYER LIGHTWEIGHT

New Twist-Grip 3-speed gear control makes shifting quicker, easier, safer! Lets you steer with both hands while shifting gears.



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26" COSMIC FLYER; boy's bike in flamboyant red and black; girl's bike in beautiful turquoise. Both with white and gold trim. 2F2384-46

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PORK BARREL

Sirs:
In my judgment your article (Aug. 16) is extreme, and its philosophy is largely inconsistent with other policies and programs that your publication supports.

With respect to water resources development, the article appears to be an adroit exaggeration and distortion of facts. In every intelligent assessment it is recognized that economic wealth and prosperity are achieved through the development of our natural resources. We also know that the conservation and utilization of our natural resources materially enhance and preserve the general welfare.

It is quite significant that this type of criticism completely ignores and attempts to conceal the great wealth and prosperity that has accrued to the Ohio and other major river valleys in the nation where improvements of this character have heretofore been made. It is also noteworthy that many professed protectors of our national economy who are quick to condemn government spending for domestic water resource improvements frequently demand more and more spending abroad for the same type of projects in our foreign aid program.

JOHN L. MCCLELLAN

United States Senate

Sirs:

I believe you erred when you threw reclamation projects into this general grab bag. These projects authorized by the Reclamation Act are, if my figures are correct, being paid back in the neighborhood of 92%.

I don't deny that there is a tremendous amount of uncalled-for pork-barrel projects and I have consistently voted against them. But when it comes to reclamation with the pay-back features, I can't class this in that category.

BARRY GOLDWATER

United States Senate

Sirs:
Hanging the "pork barrel" label on federal public works is a flagrant distortion of fact, a blot on the ethical standards of a free press and a disservice to the country in striving to meet critical water resource development needs.

Life's article deliberately ignored over 2,800 operating flood control, navigation, power, water conservation and other projects, which the Corps of Engineers has built in 50 states. It omitted the fact that these projects, costing a total of \$5.3 billion, have already saved \$11 billion in flood losses alone, without counting the savings in human lives or the tremendous expansion in industrial output, jobs and other benefits they have brought about.

JOHN A. BLATNIK

House of Representatives

Sirs:

You have succeeded brilliantly in putting together what is usually a solemn compilation of endless statistics in a provocative, exciting and at the same time thoroughly honest way. This story is the greatest service to economy since Ben Franklin's maxims.

WILLIAM PROXMIER

United States Senate

Sirs:

Public works program projects in the future must be subjected to a far stricter test of essentiality than in the past.

The way the system has worked, too often smaller states with the greatest need have been passed over while states

with committee chairmen, and delegations with considerable seniority, have been paroled out largesse in a bouillabaisse fashion.

STANLEY R. TUPPER

House of Representatives

Sirs:

It is my judgment that your article on "pork barreling" will mostly enhance the prestige back home of the ones most vigorously castigated in the story.

RALPH HARVEY

House of Representatives

Sirs:

Some of the statements in regard to the Frypaning-Arkansas project are misleading and others are entirely false. You state "\$170 million will flow out of U.S. taxpayers' pockets." But you fail to tell that almost all of this money will be paid back to the Treasury, most of it with interest.

This makes it a good investment for the American taxpayer. You also state that alfalfa in Colorado will be increased and that there is now "a million acres of alfalfa in the soil bank that no one is allowed to cut." This is not true. There is now a shortage of alfalfa in Colorado due to severe drought conditions.

J. EDGAR CHENOWETH

House of Representatives

► At the time the Frypaning-Arkansas bill was approved by a House committee, a minority report stated that Colorado had 1,299,881 acres in the soil bank, most of which had been seeded to alfalfa and hay. There is very little Colorado alfalfa land in the soil bank today and the state has suffered a severe drought this year.—ED.

Sirs:

I take vigorous issue with your stating that the pork which River development is "100 percent pure pork." It's the kind of pork which will put meat on the table of millions of Americans and Oklahomans, presently and for generations to come.

Your article is an insult to Oklahomans and to the memory and foresight of the late U.S. Senator Robert S. Kerr.

FRED R. HARRIS

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sirs:

Life's statement that "last year only 40% of the people U.S. Employment Service placed were unemployed" is untrue. 40% figure stems from a distortion of a statement I made based on data from the Bureau of the Census household survey in 1959. That survey disclosed that of every five workers hired by employers from all sources, three were employed, one was unemployed, and one was a new entrant.

The figures cited have no relationship to placements by the public employment service last year or any other year. The fact is that of the job applicants who are registered with public employment offices between 85% and 95% are unemployed.

ROBERT C. GOODWIN

Administrator
Bureau of Employment Security
U.S. Department of Labor

► Life misinterpreted a not-too-clear statement by Mr. Goodwin and on this based its 40% figure. We are happy to have Mr. Goodwin's clarification.—ED.

Sirs:

Your article on waste in government was diluted by the half truths and omissions concerning the Small Business Administration about which I happen to have special qualifications. I was the beneficiary of the maximum loan of \$350,000 for 10 years about five years ago. This was recently repaid in full, five years prior to the final payment and was of inestimable help in making our mill prosperous and creating more jobs.

HERBERT BARCROFT

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Forgive us, the people of the west, for wanting things when the superior people of the east want the money. Forgive us for wanting badly needed flood control. Forgive us for coveting water supplies and recreation areas. Forgive us for wanting to put meat on our tables.

JAMES THOMPSON

Tulsa, Okla.

Sirs:

Since I live in southern Colorado, the area that will benefit most from the Frypaning-Arkansas project, I have to live with the fact that every taxpayer in the United States is helping to pay for my economic welfare, whether he wants to or not.

JACK GARNER

Pueblo, Colo.

Sirs:

Thank God there is one magazine left with the courage to expose the "pork barrel" racket. As an Oklahoman born and reared I share the guilt of other voters for having supported the king of all pork barrels, the late Senator Kerr. I'm abjectly ashamed of myself.

GEORGE W. PHINNEY

Nicola Park, Okla.

Sirs:

I'm not surprised that complaints are coming in loud and from all corners of the land. Anytime you expose rackets of any kind you'll hear it from all sides.

Please don't let up. This criminal waste of tax dollars so desperately need-

ed to balance the budget and pay some of the nation's debt must be stopped.

SAM SCHWIEGER

Shreveport, La.

► For further comments see Editorial on page 4.—ED.

SEARCH FOR PRIDE

Sirs:

Gordon Park's story (Aug. 16) is one of the most moving human experiences I have read. He has performed a great service for his people and for those of us who are less fortunate because of our refusal or our inaction in achieving greater understanding of decency and human dignity.

GORDON ELLIOTT

Brookfield, Wis.

Sirs:

I am 30, a Negro. Allowing this article to be published with no punches pulled, made me for the first time feel proud of this nation which I would so much like to be a part of.

JOSEPH C. MARSHALL

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

My heart bleeds for Gordon Parks. He says that all the colored want is respect. When the majority of the colored people raise their social and moral standards—when even they can walk through their streets without fear of assault, then will I give my respect.

JOHN CIZEK

Lyons, Ill.

Sirs:

I have followed with great interest Gordon Parks' career with LIFE. The incident he mentioned at the drug store in the Lowry Hotel in St. Paul was reported correctly. I was the drugstore there who treated him.

A. C. BISCHOP

Pasadena, Calif.

THE BRIG

Sirs:

Ken Brown's new play *The Brig* is as close to the truth as can be. I was in the outfit that replaced Brown's at Camp Fuji. I had occasion to take many Marines to the "Fuji Fun House." This play gives a real insight into an unspeakable part of our glorious "Corps."

FRED MAUCH

Saginaw, Mich.

Sirs:

As an officer of six years' service, and the one who probably signed for Private Brown's honorable discharge, it seems to me that a bit more should be said.

From his record as set forth in your article, one can only conclude that the Marine Corps did much more for him than he did for the Corps. Not only did he get the best combat training in the world, free travel to the Far East, lessons in character-building (if a bit harsh), but he was also given an honorable discharge and material and maturity enough to write a play which has found its way to the Big City.

ROBERT H. SMART

East Meadow, N.Y.

Capt. USMC

THE ISSUE

Sirs:

Thank you for the Aug. 16 issue of LIFE—your most superb issue to date. Miller, Parks and Brown expressed opinions on problems facing the multitudes, but did so in an individualistic manner. This is life as it really is.

KAREN KAY DEBO

Detroit, Mich.

IN NEXT WEEK'S **LIFE**

Special Issue INTIMATE LOOK AT THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

For details see Publisher's Preview, Page 77

LIFE

Vol. 55, No. 10 Sept. 6, 1963



THEY COME MARCHING UP CONSCIENCE ROAD

Negroes stir up nation in mighty Washington march

Dotted with color like a single giant living thing, the crowd massed at the memorial to Abraham Lincoln 200,000 strong. Each dot was a person—with a cause the U.S. has come to know very well.

More significant than the immediate effect the Washington civil rights march would have on the Congress of the U.S., more remarkable than the spectacle itself, was the Negroes' orderly demonstration of their potential as a moral force. For all the dissension that has split Negro organizations, the march was an astonishingly well-executed product of leadership. Despite forebodings of violence, it came off without a hitch, in almost beatific calm.

Participants came in from many places. Some had driven down turnpikes from cities of the east in the gathering light of dawn, cheered along the way by Negroes who could not make the trip. Some had come from Mississippi, some had walked from New York City. They said what they had to say with songs. They said it in speeches: "We must destroy the notion that Mrs. Murphy's property rights include the right to humiliate me because of the color of my skin." And when all voices had spoken, Roy Wilkins, head of the N.A.A.C.P., looked at the orderly, eager files and said: "I'm so proud of my people."

NEGRO GOTHIC. Overlaid couple with New York delegation, reminiscent of famous Grant Wood painting, join crowd which packed mall before Lincoln Memorial (far left).





SIGNS OF PROTEST. Coming down Constitution Avenue, a bright spectrum of signs marks a delegation.

SOME SING OR ACHE, SOME TALK ELOQUENTLY



FIERY SPEAKER. The Reverend Martin Luther King, here addressing the crowd, makes day's strongest speech.

He said, "America has given the Negro people a bad check. It has come back marked 'insufficient funds.'"

THE COOLING WATERS. White legs and Negro legs dangle together in the reflecting pool, soothing aching feet.





WAYS OF PROTEST. Each to his fancy, the marchers take stands. Girls from Durham, N.C. (*left*) wear stars

and stripes. A young man from Virginia (*right*) sings. And an old couple (*above*), the man blind, just walk.







TIRED LISTENERS. After the long march down Independence and Constitution avenues, participants sprawl on the grass to hear the speeches.

PROTEST CASUALTY. Borne above the crowd, a woman who fainted is taken to a first aid station. Some 1,700 people were treated at 24 aid stations.

REFRESHMENT SEEKER. Marcher stops at one of 21 fountains installed around line of march. Cool weather and careful planning cut casualties.



CONTINUED

SOME CELEBRITIES SHARE THE SCENE

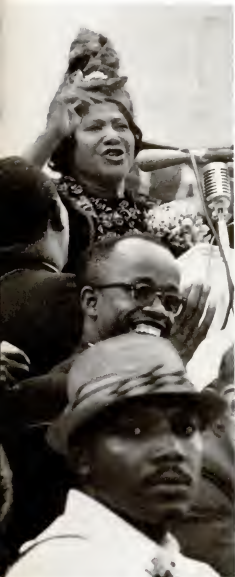
Celebrities came too, though perhaps not so austere as other participants. From Hollywood, stars chartered a plane. Burt Lancaster flew from Paris. And so did writer James Baldwin. Inevitably they ran into charges that they sought publicity, and they fired back. Said Marlon Brando: "As some of the most important names in the industry, we should be able to make

our weight felt." Said Paul Newman: "We're desperately trying to raise ourselves above the gray mass of people who refuse to be committed." Said James Baldwin: "There are easier ways to get publicity, believe me." And New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, who only six days earlier had ordered cops to chase civil rights pickets from his own office, was also there to sweat it out.



JAMES BALDWIN AND MARLON BRANDO. Normally glum novelist and actor are effusive before rally.

CHARLTON HESTON AND BURT LANCASTER. They talk with Director Joe Mankiewicz (second from left).



MAHALIA JACKSON. Vibrant and rapt, she sings spirituals. Marchers clapped hands and shouted "More!"

JAMES GARNER AND DIAHANN CARROLL. Hurrying to rally, singer pulls *Maverick* star along by hand.





JACKIE ROBINSON. With an arm around son, baseball star says "We'll go away feeling we cannot turn back."



MAYOR WAGNER. New York's chief executive mops his brow. He joined city employees on day off he granted.



RALLY'S END. The speechmaking over, a marcher carries her placard up the steps near the Lincoln Memorial. By



nightfall Washington was emptying and its parks and malls sounded only to the rustle of discarded paper of protest.

LIFE on the
Newsfronts
of the World



VIETNAM:

Another Monk Gives Himself to Flames



HUMAN BONFIRE. As the gasoline flames envelop him, licking at his legs and broiling the flesh from his bones, a Buddhist monk named Thich Tieu Dieu, 71, raises up his charred and now fingerless hands in a last gesture of supplication. The stark horror of his self-inflicted death was a measure of the turmoil that was engulfing his homeland, South Vietnam, where a vast and costly U.S. commitment hangs in balance (*turn page*).



MAN ON THE SPOT. His face a mirror of the seriousness of the situation, Henry Cabot Lodge takes over as U.S. ambassador. A tough-minded diplomat who was

once delegate to the United Nations, Lodge is expected to take a hard line with the Diem regime, which up to now has been treated with more timidity than toughness.



REBELLION GROWS. Enraged by repressions, Saigon students rally in protest. A main Buddhist complaint,

Tough U.S.

Arriving in Saigon to take over as American ambassador to South Vietnam, Henry Cabot Lodge clenched his teeth and took a cold-eyed look at what he found. The U.S. had put three billion dollars into the battle against Communism



HELICOPTER WAR. In U.S. military commitment, helicopters ferry Vietnamese combat units to battle.



which touched off present upheaval against Diem, was that top government and army jobs went to Catholics.

BROTHER'S KEEPER. During 1955 army briefing, Diem (*front*) was hovered over by brother Ngo Dinh Nhu.

Nhu is the man behind the attack on the Buddhists and is now emerging as the real power in the Diem regime.



Envoy Moves in on the Vietnamese Mess

there. But that effort was rapidly being overshadowed and endangered by Vietnam's No. 2 war.

For months Buddhist opposition to the Catholic-dominated government of Ngo Dinh Diem has been growing in pace and feel-

ing, spurred on by the bizarre self-immolation of monks (*preceding page*), and gathering into it the strength of other dissatisfied elements. Finally Diem—egged on by his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu and Nhu's fearsome wife—struck back

brutally. Police shot their way into pagodas. They seized venerated relics such as the remains of Thich Tieu Dieu and the charred heart of an earlier martyr, Quang Duc (*LIFE*, June 21). They rounded up holy men and students and

marched them to prison. As the country went under an iron blanket of martial law, Ambassador Lodge had the hard task of determining what the U.S. might be able to salvage from the costly effort to save South Vietnam from itself.



STRATEGIC HAMLETS. A key part of U.S. strategy is a network of fortified villages like this one

at Phuoc Nguon, created to form strongpoints in a war where conventional battlelines are unknown.



AMERICAN CASUALTIES. With 13,000 U.S. servicemen in Vietnam, 106 have been killed in combat

operations and accidents. Coffins hold the bodies of seven men killed in helicopter crash near Saigon.



All year long it has seemed that practically every time John Pennel gets his hands on a fiber glass vaulting pole the existing world's record—usually his own—is bested. He did it six times. At the Gold Coast A.A.U. meet in Miami, the 23-year-old senior of Northeast Louisiana State College was shooting at something more impressive than the world record of 16 feet 10¼ inches that he had set only two weeks before. He wanted to soar over a crossbar perched at the never-before-conquered altitude of 17 feet.

A Pole Bends—





The sun had slipped behind a cooling cloud and there was no wind at all when Pennel made his approach to the pit. His pole bent at a right angle, then snapped straight, and you could almost hear it go "boing!" Up went Pennel . . . up . . . up . . . and over. An instant later he had made his re-entry and lay laughing on a pile of sawdust. High above him the crossbar lay undisturbed at 17 feet and three quarters of an inch. With awe and astonishment on-lookers swore he had cleared it with inches to spare.



the Great Pennel Breaks 17-foot Barrier





Whatever his costume, Spahn's a sharpshooter

The man in Nazi getup is none other than Milwaukee Braves' pitcher Warren Spahn. In one day he moved down the "Yanks" in his acting debut in TV's *Cambat*, then took the mound to down the Dodgers.



Communists kidnap Spain's soccer star

In Venezuela for the Little World Cup series, Spain's world-famous soccer star Alfredo di Stefano was kidnaped and held for two days by pro-Communists. He missed one game but his team won it anyway.



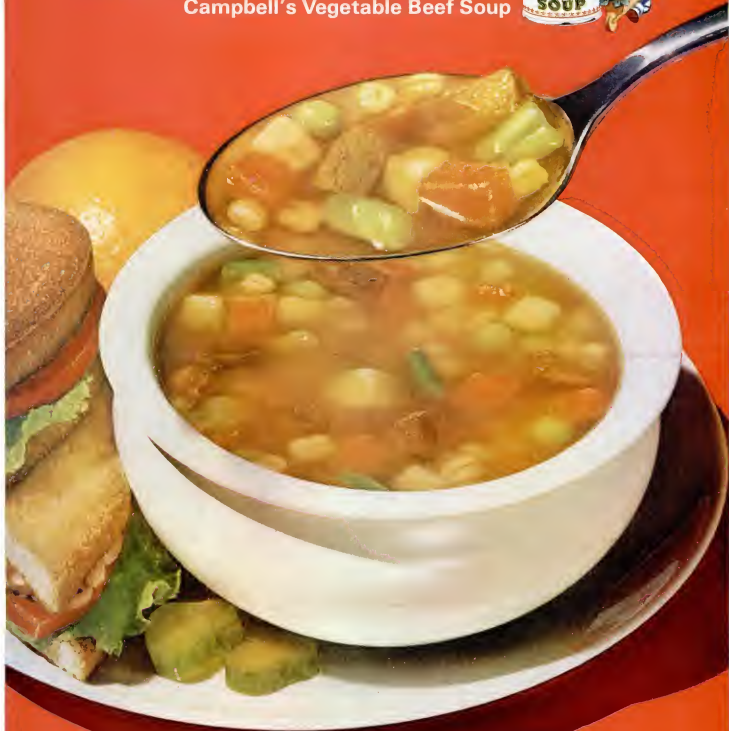
It's a handy gadget for moon-hopping

The contraption undergoing tests at North American Aviation in Downey, Calif. is a space-age pogo stick. To be propelled by jets firing through a nozzle under platform, it is designed for moon travel.

Campbell puts more goodness in
...so you get more goodness out

Dip up a spoonful! See the meaty chunks of beef, the bright-flavored vegetables, the sturdy beef broth. Heat that hearty bowlful of goodness in 4 minutes—

Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup



Wholesome, nourishing 4-minute meal: **Campbell's Soup and a sandwich!**



The Spoonburger

Make it great in 2 shakes with Hunt's Tomato Catsup

Tonight, bring on Spoonburgers for supper and watch the young faces light up in your family. All ages love them, but teens take the lead. Be sure to have Hunt's Catsup handy. Its old-fashioned kettle simmered flavor was made to set off the good brown beef and seasonings.

Ground beef	Salt and pepper	Prepared mustard
Onion, celery and green pepper, finely minced		
Toasted 'burger buns	Hunt's Tomato Catsup	

Brown ground beef in oiled skillet, stirring lightly to separate meat but keep it chunky. Stir in seasonings, mustard and vegetables and cook till soft. Moisten with a little water. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Spoon onto toasted buns and top with Hunt's Tomato Catsup, the best thing that ever happened to a sandwich.

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

TWO MINERS COME UP FROM A PIT OF DEATH

Deep Down, They Hit a Lode of Courage

Three hundred feet down a yawning mine shaft on a Pennsylvania hillside, two miners fought a battle which has stirred the nation more than any since Floyd Collins lay trapped in Sand Cave in 1925.

After 14 days of labor, rescue workers drilled an escape shaft and pulled David Fellin and Henry Throne up from entombment. Then, though hope had dimmed, they went back to try for a third trapped man, Louis Bova.

But the drama lay less in the monumental rescue effort than in the indomitable personalities of Fellin and Throne. At first they kept alive by drinking drainage water and gnawing bark from support timbers. Later, when a small shaft was bored to them and then one agonizing delay followed another, they complained only that the coffee lowered to them wasn't strong enough. Throne, a free-wheeling man of 28, sang hillbilly songs and wryly asked if he'd got any parking tickets on his car. Fellin, 58 and part owner of the rickety mine they were working, asked for sunglasses, just to cheer up the anxious, frustrated rescuers.

They came up the shaft with Throne shouting that it was like "the chute-the-chute at Coney Island," and Fellin bursting into an exuberant rendition of *"She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain"*. And no sooner were they out than they began to tell the rescuers how they might reach Louis Bova.

ENTRY AND EXIT. Not far from shaft where miners went in, a rock drill on a tracked carriage bored escape hole straight down to chamber.





UP OUT OF THE EARTH. Wearing special harness to secure him, a football helmet to protect him from falling stone and a greased suit to make his ascent easier, Throne is pulled from shaft after a 15-minute ride. Once out, he danced a jig.

WEEPING WIVES. Dabbing their eyes and hoping Mrs. Fellin, Mrs. Throne and Mrs. Bova watch drillers as they rush to complete escape shaft. After Fellin and Throne were pulled out, Mrs. Bova collapsed and had to be hospitalized.

JOYFUL REUNION. In the hospital, Fellin embraces his wife Anna. "Don't cry," he said. "I'm all right." Later hospital had to refuse Fellin and Throne permission to leave and help rescue Bova. "What kind of men are they?" said the doctor.



CONTINUED



**Even
 if it rains
 catsup**

... or most any other messy stain. Or if you just get caught in the rain—spotting needn't follow spattering. ZE PEL®, Du Pont's new fabric fluoridizer, frees you from rain and stain worries.

ZE PEL coats every fiber of the fabric so rain or stains won't penetrate. Rain rolls off. Most common stains blot or brush away. Even miserable dried- or rubbed-in stains usually spot-clean—without leaving a ring.

But only the stains go. ZE PEL stays, through washings, cleanings, and long, hard wear. Look for the ZE PEL name on better rainwear, outerwear, and home furnishings.

GLENEAGLES "Surl Sleeve" with zip-in lining. About \$50. At Rich's, Atlanta; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, and other fine stores.

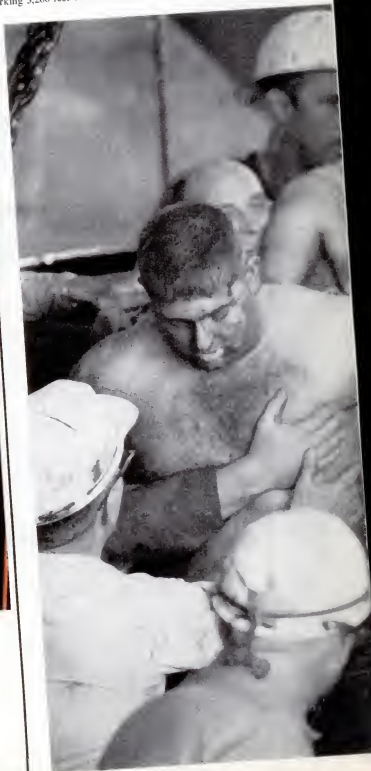
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NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

Another mine blows

Only hours after the rescue of Fellin and Throne in Hazleton, an underground explosion trapped 25 men in the tunnels of a potash mine some 1,800 miles away in Moab, Utah. The men had been working 3,200 feet below the sur-

face—in the nation's newest and deepest mine—when a dynamite blast apparently ignited a pocket of methane gas. Power went out and with it the underground air-conditioning system. The heat of the explosion raised the tempera-



up 1,800 miles away

ture in the mine to 130°F. The shafts filled with deadly carbon monoxide and rescuers despaired when they ran into a wall of debris. But two of the trapped men ripped off their shirts to keep cool, erected a burlap barricade against the gas

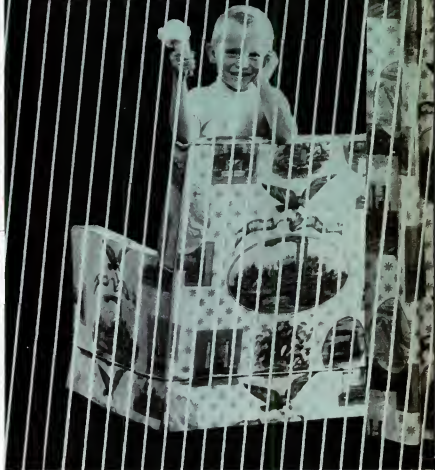
and managed to crawl to a lift bucket that was still running. When they reached the surface (*below*) they reported seeing three dead bodies on the way out and that five men left behind were still alive. There was little hope for the others.



CONTINUED

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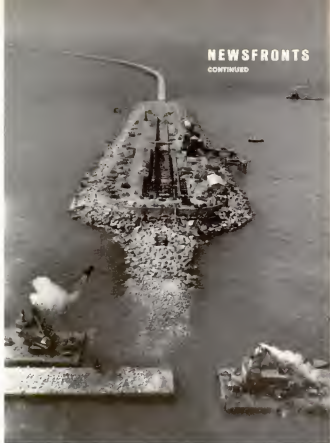
What father doesn't want more for his son than he himself had? You can make sure your child will get every chance—if you plan now with Living Insurance from Equitable. College education, a secure home—your Living Insurance can provide for all his needs. And it can provide for yours, too. Cash for emergencies or opportunities, an income for retirement. To find out all that Living Insurance can do for you, call The Man from Equitable. Look ahead with

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NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED



Trestle-tunnel road crosses Chesapeake

In the middle of the broad gateway to Chesapeake Bay, huffing engines and busy men rushed to finish—by spring—a 17-mile road-way from Norfolk, Va. to Cape Charles. A trestle takes the road to this man-made island, then a tunnel takes it to another man-made isle, where a trestle takes over again.

The heaviest prop is polished up

The polished 82,725-pound propeller, heaviest ever cast, hung for final inspection in the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp. plant at Edystone, Pa. Made of an alloy called Nialite, the 24-foot-8-inch screw will be put on the tanker *Universe Apollo* to improve its efficiency. Its cost: about \$1 a pound.





Good grades don't grow on trees.

They grow out of you. A Royal portable just makes it easier. It takes over the mechanics of writing. Frees those 10 billion cells in your brain to think. Thoughts are clearer, work more organized.

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With a Royal, misspellings are apparent. Thus, spelling improves. Even your penmanship imitates the very neatness of the printed letter.

In short, a Royal brings out the best in you. But beware. Don't buy a portable that defeats the purpose. Only Royal portables are simplest to use. They are the most helpful.

ROYAL®

With the Safari™ above, for instance, you can set margins and columns as easily as pressing a doorbell, change a ribbon by merely replacing a cartridge.

In sum, Royal portables are easiest to get along with. They're ruggedly built of steel, have a full-sized keyboard and the liveliest keys (hand-fitted) of any portable.

Give Mom the shiny apples to make the pie and let a Royal help you make the grade. See all the Royal models. There are lots of good-looking colors. Maybe you'll like the shiny red one. Royal portables start at \$49.95, attractive case included.

Every year more Royal typewriters are bought in America than any other brand.

1. Should you? In 1933 people would have said, "Only if you're a movie queen." In 1963 the word is "Go ahead!" Blending has changed so much—become so easy, so natural-looking, so acceptable—that this year, in the United States alone, there are nearly five million blondes who weren't always blondes. 5,000,000!

2. Can you pick your exact shade? Today you *can*. Back in 1933 you could only "bleach out" your natural color—and take what you got! Now, your hair is first lightened, and then "toned" to the precise, delicate tone of blonde you've dreamed of being. Moonbeam, Pearl, Champagne... you name it and you'll *be* it. What makes this possible today is the invention of Creme Toner. That's Clairol's unbelievably subtle, gentle blonde tint that gives you 32 delicious blonde shades like the ones below.

3. How long does it take? It depends on your own hair. The darker your natural color, the longer it takes. If your hair is medium brown, you'll spend just about 1 hour for the lightening with Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol lightener, and around ½ hour for the delicate toning with Clairol Creme Toner. Touch-ups take even less time. Only a few minutes are needed for the application...the rest is for your hair to "develop" the proper color, and you can spend it reading or making champagne-and-soft-music plans for your new blonde life.

4. What about touch-ups? You'll be surprised how long one blinding lasts. You'll want a touch-up only about once a month, in most cases. If your natural hair color is very dark, or if your hair grows very fast, the new growth will show up more quickly, and you should have a touch-up

BLUSH PEARL

CHAMPAGNE ICE

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CHAMPAGNE SHERBET

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TAUPE PEARL

DUNE CHILDREN



A Guide to Becoming a Blonde

about every 3 weeks. A good trick to use when your touch-up is due is to wear a hairstyle without an obvious part. Then no one can tell.

5. Should it be done at a beauty salon? A professional colorist can tell, exactly, which blonde shades will do the most for *your* skin, *your* eyes, *your* features. And it's heaven to sit back and be pampered and fussed over. It's like dining out. You may be the world's best cook, but it's marvelous to have a real professional chef cook *for* you!

6. How much will it cost? Your first blonding will come to about as much as a good permanent. A touch-up will be much less—maybe half. When you think about cost, remember: what blonding does for you is more than a whole wardrobe of new hats, dresses, jewels *and* cosmetics!

7. What will it do to your hair? Your hair will be silkier, shinier, bouncier, because Creme Toner has a slew of rich conditioners built-in. If you've fine hair, you'll get more body. Remember, you're not dealing with the harsh old-time bleaches! Most women who blonde their hair today have been doing it for several years. Their hair must like it.

8. What if you should change your mind? What then? Are you stuck with your new blonde hair shade? You certainly are not. If you want, you can be a different shade of blonde the very next day. Or, with very little trouble, you can go back to your original color if you choose. But if you're like most girls, you probably won't. Not after you've spent one evening as a blonde with *him*. **CLAIROL CREME TONER**



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Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally...over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild...but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

A scary new sport in Australia
where the trick is to come down alive



Cliff diver Jim Tyson starts a controlled fall (*above*), holding a piece of carpet that will brake his descent. At right, he starts the "Death Slide."

OVER THE CLIFF— WHOOSH!

The man making these suicidal dives into space is neither an unrequited lover nor a fakir whose carpet conked out. He is a cliff diver, devotee of a new Australian pastime scary enough to satisfy even the Aussies' craving for thrills. It began when a couple of commandos started jumping for fun from 300-foot cliffs around Sydney, sliding down a rope and braking their descent by pinching the rope between a fold of carpeting (*above*). Soon bored by that, they dreamed up the "Death Slide." A rope is run from a cliff top to a low bluff across a neck of water (*right*). The diver grasps a metal ring hooked over the rope, leaps out and drops like a safe full of rocks. The only thing that keeps him from landing like one is that at the last second he lets go and falls into the surf.

In case they should become jaded by this, the divers have invented still another jump (*next page*). "I used to be afraid of heights," said one leaper. "Now I'm terrified of them."



CONTINUED



a facility for service

You leave the house, jump in the car, start up, drive away. It's as easy as that. It's also a pleasure to drive the cars of today. They're sleek, comfortable, smooth, and built for many thousands of miles of carefree driving. But they still use gasoline and oil, and they still need regular attention if driving is to remain a pleasure. No matter how far you drive, you're never very far from the finest service and the finest petroleum products your car—or anybody's car—has ever had. In your own neighborhood, town, or on the highway, stop regularly at the service stations that handle products you've seen *Advertised-in-LIFE*. These stations are attended by trained men with

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a facility for serving driving pleasurable.

CLIFFS

CONTINUED



His arms spread wide, Denis Johnson plummets downward in the most spectacular of the leapers' techniques, a 300-foot "Free Fall." In this no-hands dive he drops almost straight down a rope



architect's Santa Fe sitting room

Girard picked up on the beach. On the opposite wall (*foreground, from top to bottom*) are cases filled with American Indian ornaments; a niche with 16th Century glass objects that belonged to Girard's father, Peruvian ex-votos, rock crystals and a Steinberg sketch of Gi-

rard's daughter. Further down the wall are East Indian toys, strings of American Indian beads which Mrs. Girard often wears. The picture above looks toward the other end of the room. On the wall at right is a 19th Century portrait by a traveling Mexican painter decorat-

ed with a watermelon, a design made by Girard out of hardware, an old French portrait and an Austrian clock. The end wall holds pre-Columbian artifacts, Pennsylvania Dutch plaster animals, a Bolivian Madonna, an East Indian figure and a wax child from Austria.

by MILTON H. GREENE

CONTINUED





Ornamented kitchen

The old-fashioned kitchen of a New York apartment is cluttered with decoration. Susan Stein, a young actress, stenciled the 50-year-old stove herself with the same pattern that borders her Portuguese tile plate. She hung the wall with old theatrical posters, a 14th Century Indian figure and a supersize S. A set designer friend painted false curtains on the window. Miss Stein surrounded her Siamese, Zam-Zam, with ceramic cats from Italy.

For show and for use

The Girards (*previous page*), carrying clutter all through the house, fill their kitchen with some objects that are purely decorative, others handsome but also useful. A decoration designed by Mr. Girard is made of toy plates of food, the kind used in dollhouses. At left are hospital containers, copper molds. Marble turntable, mortar and rolling pin are on marble counter. The frieze consists of a series of cooking equivalents.

Potpourri of pans

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Patmore have made a country-style kitchen in their Revolutionary house in Trumbull, Conn. A towering Austrian cabinet, gaily painted and carved, stands in the center of the room. Made for a monastery in 1743, it is now used to store dishes. The Patmores travel a lot and bring back things for their kitchen: copper pots, molds and pitchers, mostly from France, hang from beams, and an array of cast-iron baking dishes hang above the old iron stove (*rear*). The tin plates on the table are from Mexico, as is the centerpiece which holds marble fruit from Italy. Mrs. Patmore also brought the coffee mill from Mexico and had it electrified although she discovered it was made in Connecticut.



Gypsy's prize pickups

Hollywood house of the '20s, newly bought by Gypsy Rose Lee, is packed with the antiques she has been buying for years. Her green room, furnished almost entirely in Regency pieces, is dominated by a harp used as a prop in a show Gypsy did last year. There are rare

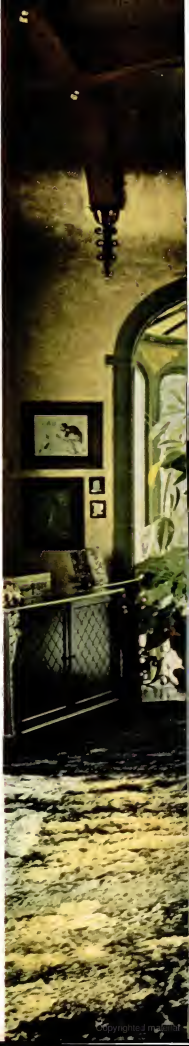
crystal candelabra and boxes on an end table and on a leather coffee table, on which is painted the history of the Duke of Wellington. On an Italian music table stands a Japanese teapot. The Victorian footstools have beaded tops but Gypsy embroidered the pillow herself.



Flowery treasure trove

New York living room of Decorator Vincent Fourcade bursts with precious 18th Century accessories. It is made to seem even more like a crowded treasure house by a profusion of patterns. A massive overstuffed couch is covered in an Italian floral print also

used on the walls. More pattern is added by a Turkish rug, and by the needlepoint on a Regency armchair. Even a brown suede wing chair is made to seem busy by throwing a fringed fur rug over one arm. As added spots of color, Mr. Fourcade keeps the room filled with flowers.







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This month the savings and loan business passes the one hundred billion dollar mark in assets.

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bred ambition, and from the drive of the people sprang the great land we know.

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CLOSE-UP



Puffing furiously, Ludwig Erhard stands lost in thought. At 66 he is fat though a little fat—5 feet 10 inches and 200 pounds. But after 14 years of waiting in the wings, he is vigorously ready to take over as leader of West Germany.

WEST GERMANY'S NEXT CHANCELLOR: LUDWIG ERHARD

The Professor Is Ready

by ROBERT BRIGHAM

The cigar is always there, almost a part of the anatomy of the portly professor. It has come to symbolize him, and indeed to symbolize the prosperity he has kindled in the country he will soon be called to lead.

This fall Ludwig Erhard, for 14 years West Germany's economics

minister, will take over from Konrad Adenauer as chancellor—practically over Adenauer's dead body. The Old Man, who led Germany back into the Free World, has always admired Erhard's abilities and acknowledged his indispensability as economics minister. But Adenauer himself was a strong-

willed leader, a far-seeing statesman. And he felt his successor had to be in the same mold. To him, Erhard was too much the economist, not enough of a politician and leader. Again and again during the past four years, Adenauer promised to resign and then refused because the only one to take his place was Erhard.

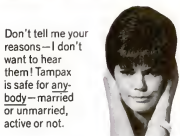
Erhard held on patiently under

the abuse and delay. Last spring when the leaders of the Christian Democratic party forced Adenauer to agree to quit this fall, Erhard was named to succeed him.

When the change occurs, probably next month, Erhard will take over leadership of 55 million West Germans who know him as "the Professor." They are awed at how magnificently and foresightedly he



When you stop to think of it... isn't it a little silly of you not to be using Tampax® internal sanitary protection?



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Cultivating the title of Herr Professor



ERHARD CONTINUED

has planned their economic life and believe that he has planned his own life with equal foresight. But Erhard himself knows this isn't so. At every crucial turn in his life, chance helped nudge him from one success to another.

It was only by chance that Erhard did not die when shell fragments ripped into his body during a battle near Ypres in World War I. But the wounds that shortened one of his arms and left him with a slight limp also kept him from rejoining his father in the drygoods business in the Bavarian town of Fürth. He recuperated by studying economics and soon gained a name in that field as head of an economics institute. And it was only chance that kept the notorious Nazi Gauleiter Julius Streicher from carrying out a repeated wartime threat against Erhard's institute—"That's a nest we'll have to clean out one of these days."

Erhard almost gave the fates too much to do when, late in the war, he sent to Dr. Karl Goerdeler, mayor of Leipzig, a detailed plan for the economic rebuilding of Germany after its defeat. Just to suggest defeat was treasonous. Worst yet, Goerdeler was arrested only a few days later and executed as a leader of the abortive July 20 attempt on Hitler's life. Here Erhard had a double helping of luck. The Gestapo never found his incriminating memo—but, later, the Americans did. Impressed, they gave Erhard an economic post.

Chance's final great favor came in 1948. The German minister of economics for the occupation zone sneered at an American aid shipment of corn as "chicken feed."

A wave of the cigar acknowledges friendly greeting of Braunschweig voters who surround Erhard's limousine for close look at their new leader.

He was fired and Erhard was suddenly minister of economics. An early move was to establish a free market in West Germany, eliminating rationing and reforming the currency. Other economists foresaw inflation and collapse. Instead, as Erhard said it would, West Germany's economy took off and went into its spectacular orbit.

Fourteen years of sitting near the top, as minister and then vice chancellor, of watching his theories proved out, have had little outward effect on Erhard who still prefers the title "Herr Professor."

For Erhard the politician, the image of Erhard as a gentle little professor is an invaluable asset. Although his suits now are tailored to order he seemingly needs only to put them on to look rumpled. His favorite foods are still the ones he remembers from childhood, particularly a stew made from whatever meat happens to be left over and that can be served up from the back of the stove for days.

Though his movements betray his old wounds, Erhard maintains a murderous pace. His office is wherever he happens to be—in the back seat of his limousine or in a special railroad saloon car once the pride and joy of Hermann Goering. Erhard's staff always ships a double crew of secretaries and assistants on the train with him, providing for early and late shifts.

Making a speech, he leans on the podium with his forearms to favor the weakened leg, peers searchingly into the faces before him. His chin seems to be joined to the rest of him, without benefit of neck, at about the fourth rib. The deep bass

CONTINUED

Autumn Star



Sir Jac
STYLE 4623

On the campus and off, this exciting new jacket by Sir Jac will be a big favorite this fall and winter. Handsomely crafted in combed cotton poplin and solid autumn-rich colors. Tri-color "V" insert pile lining and stand-up lined collar assure all-weather comfort. Also available as Style 4637 in muted print plaid poplin with solid pile lining. See this outstanding Sir Jac at good stores everywhere.

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as the new performance champion
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Here's the record—Mercury Marauder vs. other medium-price cars

EVENT	LOCATION	DATE	DRIVER	SANCTION	MERCURY VS. COMPETITION
Southeastern "250"	Bristol, Tennessee	3/31	Darel Dieringer	NASCAR	Mercury beats all other medium-price cars — Pontiac, Dodge and Chrysler
Schererville "50"	Schererville, Indiana	6/23	Elmer Musgrave	USAC	Mercury beats everybody—wins event
International "400"	Atlanta, Georgia	6/30	Darel Dieringer	NASCAR	Mercury beats all other medium-price cars — Pontiac, Dodge and Chrysler
Firecracker "400"	Daytona, Florida	7/4	Darel Dieringer	NASCAR	Mercury beats all other medium-price cars — Pontiac, Dodge and Chrysler
Pikes Peak Climb	Pikes Peak, Colorado	7/4	Parnelli Jones	USAC	Mercury beats everybody—wins event
Milwaukee "200"	West Allis, Wisconsin	7/14	Roger Ward	USAC	Mercury beats all other medium-price cars — Pontiac and Dodge
NASCAR Grand National	Old Bridge, New Jersey	7/18	Rex White	NASCAR	Mercury beats all other medium-price cars
Milwaukee "150"	West Allis, Wisconsin	8/11	Parnelli Jones	USAC	Mercury beats everybody—wins event
Milwaukee State Fair "200"	West Allis, Wisconsin	8/15	Parnelli Jones	USAC	Mercury beats everybody—wins event



Another fine product of Ford Motor Company shows its superior full-range performance in open competition. It's time to look at the official record. Each event listed above was an officially sanctioned performance test in open competition. Note Parnelli Jones' two great

victories in the Milwaukee "150" and "200". This doubleheader victory at the rugged one-mile West Allis track caps Mercury's strong competitive record during the past six months. These wins are the latest dramatic demonstrations of Mercury's superior performance and

stamina—recorded proof of Mercury's performance mastery of the medium-price field. Enjoy Mercury Marauder's unique luxury and roadability—now available at your nearby Mercury dealer's.



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ERHARD CONTINUED

Enjoying his evening scotch and soda, Erhard makes jovially violent response in argument around dining table of his railroad car.

that comes rumbling out never raises an audience to cheers. The Professor gives a gentle explanation of the economic facts of life and a prediction of all the good things to come if everybody does just as he says. Germans cheerfully and obediently do—and the Professor turns out to be right.

On those rare evenings when Ludwig gets home before bedtime to his modern, two-story house in Bonn, he settles into a well-worn black leather armchair to dig through the ever-near mountain of paperwork, sweetening the task with a background of classical music from a huge collection of records and tapes. Favorite composers are Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert. He waves off the moderns.

If the hour has not approached dawn, Erhard will take a book to bed with him, as often as not an Agatha Christie mystery. His batteries seem to recharge through the evening, and as wife Luise comments, "He has trouble finding his bed at night, and more trouble leaving it in the morning."

While Erhard can be depended upon to cling to most of his habits, he will reluctantly change one when he becomes chancellor. In 1954 he and Luise built a rambling modern home in the hills south of Munich. From its huge windows the view sweeps down to the Tegelsee below and south to the

snow-flecked Alps. Here Frau Erhard spends half of each year, with the minister joining her for weekends and vacations. This is the real home, where his closest friends and his daughter and two granddaughters love to gather. But Tegernsee is a long way from the responsibilities of Bonn, and Erhard today shows just a trace of wistfulness when he predicts, "Ja, this will change. We love it there, but from now on it will be just Christmas and Easter, and perhaps an odd day now and then."

Wherever Erhard spends the evening, be it in Bonn, Tegernsee or aboard the train, it usually involves a tall scotch and soda or two, always adrift with plenty of ice cubes, American style. "I learned this from you Americans," he admits, "when I was working with your army after the war."

He likes some other American products—President Kennedy for example. Erhard says, "Your President and I understand each other." He adds, "From the first post-war days, I worked closely with Americans. You spoke English and I, German, but somehow we both spoke the same language."

Erhard cringes at the thought of having to make a choice between the U.S. and France, despite the recent Franco-German treaty engineered by Adenauer. "There is



Do Certain Combination-of-Ingredients Pain Relievers Upset Your Stomach?

A TIMELY ARTICLE in the highly authoritative *Journal of The American Medical Association*, reporting on a government-financed study of five leading pain relievers, found a remarkably important distinction between two of the widely advertised combination-of-ingredients products and the other three products tested. The finding was this:

The two combination-of-ingredients products upset the stomach considerably more often than any of the others tested.

Bayer® Aspirin, on the other hand, was shown to be as gentle to the stomach as any of the products tested, and that included the higher priced "buffered" product.

Furthermore, none of the other products tested, with any combination of ingredients, was faster acting or stronger than Bayer Aspirin.

So for fast, effective relief from pain—and especially if certain combination-of-ingredients pain relievers upset your stomach—try Bayer Aspirin. It's the best pain reliever the world has ever known.



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Time for Germans to try something else

ERHARD CONTINUED

not a question," he says of making such a choice. But his design for economic recovery in Germany was based on a free-wheeling adaptation of American style capitalism.

He has little sympathy for the state planners who control France's economy. Nor does he want anything to do with De Gaulle's vision of a Europe screened from the world by high economic and political walls. He was livid at the French blackballing of Britain's Common Market application, seeing it as a blow to his vision of Europe as a wide-open trading area linked tightly to the rest of the Atlantic Community. "No responsible politician in Germany," he said sternly, "can pursue any policy other than one in favor of the Atlantic Community and against small European special alliances."

He does not oppose, however, the Franco-German friendship treaty. Such a stand in Germany today would be tantamount to knocking motherhood.

Erhard's greatest chance to do something for his country lies in his very weaknesses. He is no political giant of the Adenauer-De Gaulle stamp. But, as he points out, "It is time for the German people to have something else." Germany has been ruled by lone individuals for more than 30 years—first by a despot who brought the country to ruin, then by a wonderful old giant who used a different brand of personal rule to glue the pieces back together.

Germans have had little experience with the give-and-take of American-style democracy. They may well get it with Erhard, who will have to work through his cabinet and a slim majority in the parliament. He hasn't the power to dictate to them and will have to fall back on persuasion.

Whatever his impact on the course of Europe for the length of his term, Erhard will remain a massive support of at least one industry. He is the cigarmakers' greatest European exhibit. Churchill, considered a great cigar smoker, has a normal ration of six or seven a day. Ludwig often triples that.

Frau Erhard can expect little sympathy from other cigar widows. She brought it on herself. In an unguarded moment, one evening in 1930, she commented, "You know, I find the smell of a cigar quite pleasant, home-like." The next day Erhard bought a handful and since that moment has walked through life in a light blue cloud.

Erhard's famous habit solves many gift-giving problems but drives Frau Erhard to distraction. The gift boxes and packages of cigars—alizes, all hues—arrive continually by mail and messenger. "What are we going to do with all this?" she complains. "It's burying us." And there seems no prospect that Erhard will ever be able to smoke his way through the mountain of perfectos that keeps piling up around him.

Warily gauging the effect in a mirror, Erhard submits to the makeup artist before going on television to mark opening of Hannover Trade Fair.





Give your family the wholesome nourishment of milk without fat

***Carnation Instant brings you all of
milk's protein. All of milk's calcium,
B-vitamins, minerals!***

Lighter, fresh flavor. Carnation Instant "Magic Crystals" burst into nonfat milk that's more refreshing because it has none of the heaviness of fat. Carnation is the Instant that's *delicious* for drinking.

Mixes instantly and completely! Always have a pitcher filled and frosty cold in the refrigerator. Keep an extra box on the shelf, too, so you'll never worry about running out!

Perfect for cooking and baking. No special recipes needed.

Even whips! Carnation "Magic Crystals" *whip*—to add wonderful new lightness to recipes...or as luscious topping with 2/3 less calories than whipped cream. Only 1¢ a serving.

Costs as little as 9¢ a quart!



A diamond is the gift of love

It is also an important investment.

To help you choose wisely, here are some facts to guide you in judging quality and value.

The diamond is the precious, earth-born star that tells of love. For centuries it has been man's custom to give a diamond to declare his happiness and faith in the woman he has chosen to share his name and destiny. Because it will carry such a timeless, tender message, your diamond should be chosen with care, for it will be worn and treasured always.

In choosing a diamond, the rule of the Four C's will help you buy your dollar's worth. These Four C's are: *carat weight, cutting, clarity and color*. Each of the C's has great significance in determining quality and cost.

There is also another C of importance to you. This is the C that stands for confidence in your jeweler. A reliable retail jeweler takes interest and pride in advising you honestly and will stand behind his recommendations. As a specialist in gemology, he can show you just how quality is judged, help you choose a diamond you'll be proud of all your life, proud to pass on to your children, too.

What is carat weight? The size of a diamond is measured by weight, in points and carats. The carat is composed of 100 points, just as a dollar is made up of one hundred cents. If a jeweler shows you a diamond weighing 85 points, it is between three-quarters and a full carat weight.

So you'll have an idea of what to expect, here is a range of sizes:



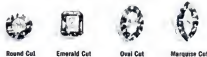
Often, you will find superior quality in a small diamond. Such a diamond may be worth more than a considerably larger one of less choice description.

Larger stones of fine quality are more rare than smaller ones and they cost more per carat. For instance, if two stones are of like quality, but one is twice the size of the other, the larger stone will probably cost you more than twice as much.

What is meant by cutting? As a price-setting factor, cutting refers to the quality of the workmanship. How well is the diamond cut? A well-cut diamond is at its brilliant best when every facet has been placed on the stone at the correct angle and in correct proportions. Diamond cutters are highly skilled craftsmen and highly paid, for this is one of the most painstaking trades and there is scarcely any margin for error.

Cut also refers to the shape of the stone and the arrangement of the facets. The most popular style for the engagement ring solitaire is the round (brilliant) cut

with 58 facets. There are, of course, other shapes, too, so that you may choose according to your individual taste.



What is clarity? This is the absence of carbon spots, bubbles or other inclusions. Under Federal Trade Commission rules, a diamond may be described as flawless only if it shows no such inclusions to a trained eye when magnified ten times. A tiny inclusion that cannot be seen with the unaided eye may have little effect on the brilliance and beauty of a diamond, but the price you pay should be less than for a flawless stone.

What is meant by color? While a diamond breaks up light so that it gives off every color in the rainbow, the material of the stone itself is ideally free of any color—a crystal-clear white. However, really fine whites are extremely rare and very valuable. The term "blue-white" is considered inaccurate today and is seldom used by reputable jewelers. The variations in color in diamonds are so delicate that they can rarely be detected, except when one diamond is compared with others.

What does a diamond cost? The cost of a diamond varies widely, according to the qualities mentioned (cut, clarity, color) as well as size. For your guidance, price ranges at left are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1963.

Published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in your selection of a diamond you'll treasure.

A diamond is forever



SHE WANTS ATTENTION—AND DOES SHE GET IT?

That Audacious Contessa

They're all talking about Christina and she loves it — she planned it that way. Like a charming kitten on a hot international tin roof, she'll make a date in Paris and turn up in Rome or New York. She'll pose nude for a fashion magazine and get tossed out of the Social Register for it. She has a string of adoring boy-friends a mile long. She hires nightclubs and throws expensive parties therein. She makes scandalous cracks designed to shock the sober-sided. She is the *femme fatale* of the year.

Maria Christina Orfei Paolozzi di Chiusi, here submerged like a naughty naiad in an icy woodland pool,

owns up happily to being sinfully spoiled, self-willed, capricious or almost anything else—anything except being a bore. "I have to make life unusual," she says. "I am what I am. I'll say anything. Why should I close my doors?" Audacious daughter of an Italian count and a Boston heiress, she is a highly successful model, although she can't see why—"Thousands of girls are prettier—and I have a big fanny and thick legs." The reason, of course, is her own ebullient spirit plus an amazingly expressive and changeable face that can, as the pictures here, taken all over Europe this summer, show, switch from siren to modest maiden in a trice.

Photographed for LIFE by PIERRE BOULAT

CONTINUED 66A



A sophisticate in Rome, Christina smokes a tiny cigar (an affectation, since she doesn't really like them) as she packs for a trip to Paris.

A proper socialite near Düsseldorf, she visits her enormously wealthy aunt, Mrs. Angela Spaulding. Her dog is a constant companion.

A siren near Paris, she lolls in one of 14 bikinis on estate of friend Bertrand Fourcade. Other girl is Maggie Eckardt.

She'll Change Her Face To Suit





the Place

A peasant type in a field in Provence, she enjoys strong Mediterranean wind, which "is like a narcotic to me."

Demure on a beach at Antibes, Christina wears what she laughingly called her "first communion dress,"





Laughing at herself and the foibles of the life she leads, Christina Paolozzi, her hair set in careful

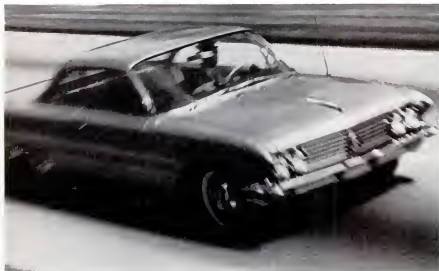
disarray, says, "Making yourself up to look like you weren't made up is one hell of a lot of work."

new MONROE front Load-Leveler® stabilizing units



Hold the road firmly with the added stability of front Load-Levelers. Prevent spine-jarring, "bottoming" on bumps that wear out tires, damages front end parts, reduces car control.

give new road-huggability



No more wheel wander at top turnpike speeds with front Load-Levelers providing added control. No more side sway in high crosswinds or when heavy vehicles pass. You'll be amazed at the remarkable difference.



Steering is truer with front Load-Levelers holding wheels in alignment and adding solid support to the car's front springs.



Tighter cornering with front Load-Levelers gives any car a road-hugging sports car feel, makes driving safer, more enjoyable.

greatly extend front tire life

A pair of new Monroe front Load-Leveler® stabilizing units, installed in place of your present front shock absorbers, will give you a whole new kind of driving safety and enjoyment. And they'll practically pay for themselves in tire savings alone. These remarkable stabilizing units hold front wheels firmly on the road, prevent bouncing that both wears out tires and robs you of car control. Help hold wheels in alignment. Soak up the severe jolts that throw front ends out of whack. And what a ride you'll get with new front Load-Levelers! Wheels grip the road with new tenacity, and you get tight, sure cornering. At top turnpike speeds, you'll get truer steering, added stability. No more sway on curves. No more sway when a



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heavy vehicle passes, or when you drive into a brisk crosswind.

60-Day Free Trial. Nothing we can say about front Load-Levelers can be as convincing as your own experience. Have a set installed where you have your car serviced. If after 60 days you don't agree front Load-Levelers deliver the ride you want, return them for a refund and reinstallation of your old shocks. Keep them, and satisfaction is guaranteed for at least 25,000 miles or unit replaced free of charge.

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Why? Because this new Jockey Power-Knit T-shirt is made with extra yarn for more strength (more absorbency, more comfort, too). And its combed-cotton fabric is specially processed to help prevent length shrinkage. Only the Jockey Power-Knit T-shirt is made like this to keep its fit. The extra-value is knit right in.

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CONTESSA CONTINUED

Rich Waif's Wail: 'I'm Sick of Moving'

I use 'contessa' only for work. I'm not really a contessa, I'd have to marry a count to be that and what does marrying a title get you—a better hotel room in New York, maybe?"

With or without title, Christina has fared well. Bored with the villas, country clubs and private schools (none of which she ever finished) that constituted her fashionable postwar European upbringing, she bought herself a one-way jet ticket from Italy and arrived in the U.S. four years ago.

Going out to seek her fortune, she made brief forays into TV before posing—fully clothed—for Photographer Richard Avedon who had seen her face in a society journal. Overnight she became a successful model. But an excursion into movies was a flop. She came away disenchanted with her acting ability—"I have the personality of Marilyn Monroe without her talent"—and infatuated with Yul Brynner. "What a man!" she recalls admiringly—but so self-centered."

her out. So she went to London. If there was a good party in Tahiti she'd fly to Tahiti.

"If I fly around a lot to different parties it's to meet interesting people, people with talent. I used to figure if I met enough interesting people and drew a little bit from each, I would become an interesting person myself. But I'm not so sure any more..."

"What do I really want?" she will ask, when cornered. "I want to know more, see more, do more. I want to be the first, the best! —No, damn it. I'm 23 and getting fat. I just want to get married and stay in one place. And I'll be a good wife—that's one thing you can't take away from me. I'm Italian when it comes to that. I'm sick of traveling, of always going away!"

But a minute later she'll veer off, say something outrageous, grab the phone and cry to a friend who is leaving town: "Now I can have your boyfriend! I've got to call right away. . . . What's his number, what's his number?"

RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI

She kept continuously, obsessively moving. Though she was not the first of the so-called jet set, she typifies it more than anyone else and she may have been the one who gave it the name—in 1961 when throwing a twist party in New York's Peppermint Lounge, she announced she would be entertaining "the jet set." This group, a sort of high cafe society gone international, has declared itself obsolete and unfashionable, but it still carries on in its vagabond way. "We chase each other around the world," explains Christina, "and always see the same people—or talk about the ones who aren't there. A girl I know was in Paris and was going to Cannes for a party. But she got a call from a friend in London asking



Working girl Christina, who earns the top fees of the trade when she feels like modeling, scurries unzipped through the Rome salon of Designer Fabiani.



GEORGE MASTERS OF HOLLYWOOD, YOUNG MASTER-HAIRSTYLIST, SHOWS HIS NEW SMOOTH, NATURAL COIFFURE—THE UPDATED CLASSIC

This world-famous hairdresser tells why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"The look is casual, but the *care* we give to hair and its color is anything but casual," explains George Masters, whose exuberant approach to hairstyling attracts a star-studded clientele, from Beverly Hills and throughout the country.

"Naturally, when I arrive at the most becoming hair color for a woman—a soft, lovely shade that does wonderful things for her looks—I want it to *stay* that way. I certainly don't want to see the color changed by the shampoo."

Asked how he handles this important shampoo problem, Mr. Masters told us, "Once it seemed a lost cause. But it's easy now that

Clairol has developed this special shampoo that really cares for haircoloring. Because it's colorfast, it doesn't change hair color."

Very different from other leading shampoos, new colorfast shampoo by Clairol was specifically created for women who color or lighten their hair. In two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all light delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair, Clairol Green for all red, brown and black shades of tints and lasting rinses. So you see, however you color your hair, one of these two is exactly right for you! Used by leading beauty salons everywhere. Now also available at fine cosmetic counters.



BLUE—for blondes and lightest tones GREEN—for tint and lasting-rinse users

CLAIROL SHAMPOO the colorfast shampoo



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Can't restrict your benefits. Once you have "Sick Pay" insurance, the benefits cannot be changed—no matter how many claims you make, no matter how drastically your health or occupation changes.

A plan for your budget and need. Allstate "Sick Pay" is already available in almost all states. Cost can average as little as \$3 a month. It will cost you nothing to get all the details about "Sick Pay."

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On the Shore with Moore

"I would rather have a piece of my sculpture put in a landscape than in, or on, the most beautiful building I know," says England's greatest living sculptor, Henry Moore. "Daylight and sunlight are necessary to it."

Moore's sculpture belongs outdoors because it seems to have been molded and shaped by the forces of nature: beveled by wind and rain, honed by blowing sand, scooped out by pounding surf. Sun and shadow play over its curving forms as if this is

what the artist intended. With this in view, LIFE's Bill Ray photographed some of Moore's work on the rocky coast of La Jolla, Calif., where a major exhibit of his work is on display at the enterprising little Art Center through Sept. 8. The show will move on later this fall to Santa Barbara and then to Los Angeles. Most of the pieces shown on these pages are less than 12 inches long, but against the seaside background even Moore's miniature masterpieces take on a natural, heroic grandeur.

With a foamy comber rolling up to tickle it, Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure* looks at home on La Jolla beach. This relaxed pose appeals to Moore, who has made many such figures, big and small.



Looking like parents who have given their youngsters a dip in the sea and are helping them dry off, this *Family Group*, 1946, is far from realistic and yet captures a warm feeling of family affection.





HEADACHE?

If you've never tried
Alka-Seltzer
you don't know how
speedy relief can be!

For speedy relief, take Alka-Seltzer. Unlike pain pills, Alka-Seltzer is already a liquid when you take it. Ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle.

Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

When you want a modern effective pain-reliever (and a soothing stomach alkalizer) take two Alka-Seltzer tablets.



A little bronze called *Animal Head* rests harmoniously among the seaside boulders. Moore feels that the

holes in his work, if they are the right size and shape not to weaken the stone, have mysterious beauty.



In another *Reclining Figure* by Moore he departs more than usual from realism and creates a form

full of holes and hollows, like the seaside caves that have been sculptured for centuries by the tides.

Silly

Simply because Dial is the most effective deodorant soap you can buy, some people don't realize it's also one of the mildest. Isn't that silly?

Why, it's so mild lots of hospitals even use it to bathe new babies.

Dial. For people who like people.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

1. Ting stops the itch of athlete's foot.
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(And Ting does all this in a unique way.)

Ting goes on as an antiseptic medicated cream that gets to the cause of athlete's foot. Then, in a few minutes, Ting turns into an antiseptic powder that cools and dries the feet, reduces friction between toes and helps new skin to grow. A cream that turns into a powder, now you see why Ting is unique. Also available: Ting Antiseptic Medicated Powder to help prevent re-infection.

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The sparkling Pacific Ocean sets a festive mood for a little 12-inch-high bronze called *Woman and*

Child in a Rocking Chair. They seem to be merrily rocking to the rolling rhythm of the sunlit sea.



The SOVIET UNION



To show you what the Soviet people are like, a task force of LIFE editors and photographers toured the Soviet Union for six weeks this summer. They went beyond the usual tourist haunts and avoided government-sponsored junkets. Instead, they talked to as many busy, substantial people as possible—men and women who hold the key to the U.S.S.R.'s character and destiny—and asked: "How exactly do you live?"

What LIFE's staff saw and heard, you will see and read in next week's 126-page special issue, entirely devoted to the Soviet Union. It is an unparalleled opportunity for you to see Soviet citizens at work and at play, to share a view Western readers have seldom seen. You'll meet purposeful people going about the business of meeting production goals, making progress, improving their way of life, in earnest about becoming "haves" instead of "have nots." And most important, this special LIFE issue will help clear away some of the fog of misunderstanding that now separates the Soviets from America.

You will probably be surprised to learn how easy it is for tourists to move about in the Soviet Union. Next week's LIFE Guide lists most of the U.S.S.R.'s major tourist attractions, tells how much your trip should cost and how to arrange it. Photographer Stan Wayman, who has spent 16 months in LIFE's Moscow bureau, made a 10,000-mile tour of eight of the Union's 15 republics. He shows you many of the sights open to anyone with the time and money to spend.

In a photo essay by LIFE's Howard Sochurek, winner of two of the three top prizes in the news or documentary category of

this year's Photographer of the Year competition, you'll share the daily routine of a Soviet family whose status is comparable to our own upper middle class. With another Russian couple you'll move into one of the thousands of new Moscow apartments being built in the country's desperate race to catch up in housing. And with Assistant Managing Editor Hugh Moffett, who headed the LIFE team in the U.S.S.R., you'll roam the vast Soviet land, meeting politicians, teachers, beekeepers and bra-makers, learning what they think about their own future and that of their country.

Internationally famed Photographer Yousuf Karsh contributes an eight-page portfolio of color portraits of 11 men who are influential in shaping the Soviet Union today, including a photograph of Premier Khrushchev that is one of the proudest trophies of Karsh's long career in recording the movers and shakers of the world.

Rounding out this rare, absorbing look at a little-known people are special features on the emerging fashion industry in the U.S.S.R., on exotic regional foods photographed in Moscow's finest restaurants, an appreciation of a gifted Soviet puppeteer by LIFE's Entertainment Editor Tom Prideaux, and an hilarious account of the wildly hospitable Georgians and their non-stop parties for visitors, as experienced by LIFE Correspondent Bob Brigham, a groggy survivor.

This is the 33rd special single-subject issue LIFE has produced since 1936. When you see it next week, I think you will agree that it ranks among our very best.

C. D. Jackson, *Publisher*

LIFE



Found: Drug that Cures a Blinding Virus

Rabbit test shows what IDU can do. Both rabbits were given virus that can cause blindness. One at right, treated with IDU, was fully recovered in 72 hours.

These rabbits—one with ulcerated eyes and the other healthy—are dramatic evidence of the effectiveness of a new drug which 1) is the first one ever to check a virus infection, and 2) is a specific cure for most cases of a common eye disease called herpes simplex keratitis. Both rabbits were infected with the herpes virus, a major cause of blindness that is responsible for most corneal transplant operations. The rabbit at right was treated with drops of drug—5-iodo-2'-deoxyuridine, or IDU—and three days later its eyes were completely cured. The Food and Drug Administration has given IDU its approval and the drug is now available to all ophthalmologists.

It has long been possible to prevent some virus diseases (such as smallpox and polio) with vaccines. However, once a virus disease took hold, no medication could cure it. Now that one virus

has finally knuckled under to a drug, there is hope that other viruses may soon be conquered.

The man who discovered the herpes cure is Dr. Herbert E. Kaufman, 31, chief of ophthalmology at the University of Florida College of Medicine in Gainesville. He read in scientific journals about IDU, which was developed in 1959 at the Yale University Medical School and was one of many drugs being screened for possible use against cancer. Because IDU is similar in chemical structure to thymidine, a substance that viruses need in order to multiply, Kaufman suspected IDU might work against virus-caused ulcers of the eye. He guessed that the virus might be fooled into taking up the IDU instead of thymidine, and that this process would prevent the virus from reproducing and thus block the infection. It did so, proving effective in about 80% of the cases.

CONTINUED



Clothes for people
who do things

Sheraton[®] CASUALS
by Anvil[®]
BRAND

Sheraton Casual slacks for boys and young men are becoming more in demand every season because they are especially tailored to give the trim slimness and snug fit that sets the fashion. For durability and lasting good looks, Sheraton Hepster and Ivy League styles come in a handsome choice of fall colors in selected fabrics that "go" everywhere. For easy care, they're Sanforized! Plus, wash 'n' wear and hold shape and crease smartly. Look for Sheraton in leading stores or write us for the name of your nearest retailer. ANVIL BRAND, INC., HIGH POINT, N. C.

Skillet Beef Supreme

Cut one-half pound lean beef into strips and brown in 2 tablespoons Wesson.

Add an onion and a green pepper, sliced.

Add 1 cup each sliced celery and cut green beans.

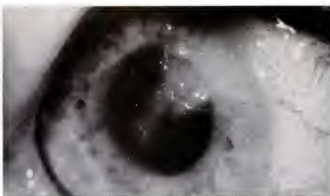
Cook 3 to 5 minutes. Combine 4 teaspoons cornstarch with a tablespoon soy sauce and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water; add to skillet. Stir in 4 ounces sliced mushrooms.

Cook about 10 minutes, stirring until liquid is clear and shiny, and beans are tender. Salt, garnish with pimiento. Serve with rice. 4 servings.



For more of the good food flavors
and less of the saturated fats...cook with Wesson

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Dramatic effect of new drug is shown in pictures of a human eye. At top, ulcer caused by herpes simplex virus clouds the cornea. Forty-eight hours later (bottom), after drug treatment, cornea is nearly clear.



Dr. Kaufman's discovery not only has stimulated researchers to find out a lot more about the ways drugs affect viruses, but also has spurred a search for new drugs which might conquer other virus diseases. IDU is being tried out with some success on fever blisters and canker sores. It also appears to work on the cowpox virus that is used to give human beings immunity against smallpox but which, after vaccination, may get rubbed into the eyes causing serious infections. IDU's effect on cowpox suggests it might combat smallpox as well, a theory that Yale investigators hope to try out soon against smallpox in India, Kaufman is also

working with another drug called CA (cytosine arabinoside), which may improve on IDU. And a half-dozen other drugs, used singly or in combination, also appear highly promising. So far the drugs have worked only on localized surface infections which are easily accessible to frequent doses of medication. But Kaufman and other scientists hope to halt not only these but also virus infections like flu and polio which occur inside the body.

Complex structure of the herpes complex virus shows in this 100-million-times life-size model held by Dr. Kaufman. Blocks on surface represent its protein cover.



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The Lancaster enigma grows and grows

Will the Real Burt Please Stand Up?

by SHANA ALEXANDER



For *Trapeze* (1956) with Gina Lollobrigida, he drew on his own experience as an acrobat.



His first film, *The Killers*, with Ava Gardner, established Lancaster as a movie star in 1946.

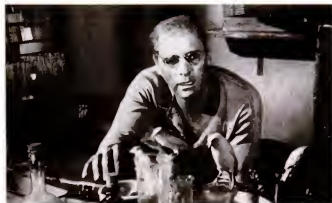


Elmer Gantry "wasn't acting—that was me!" says Lancaster of 1960 Oscar winner.



In *Judgment at Nuremberg*, he played unlikeable role of Nazi judge on trial for war crimes.

Birdman of Alcatraz, in which he played convict Robert Stroud, won him an Oscar nomination.



But Lancaster appears to be moving on precisely the opposite tack. In the past four years he has played an assortment of characters worthy of a Russian novel: Elmer Gantry, a phony evangelist; Ernst Janning, the fallen Nazi idol of *Judgment at Nuremberg*; Robert Stroud, the defiant lifer of Alcatraz; the unorthodox director of an institution for retarded children in *A Child Is Waiting*. In his newest film, *The Leopard*, which premiered in New York recently, Lancaster portrays a doomed and world-weary 19th Century Sicilian prince.

This elaborate version of the famous Lampedusa novel, photographed among the magnificent, crumbling palazzi of Palermo and against the savage beauty of the Sicilian hills, has already won the top honors at the Cannes film festival. Of his own performance, Lancaster said recently, "Playing the prince was the most difficult part I've ever attempted. I wanted to see if I could really slip completely into another man's cloak. Some parts you fall into, like an old glove. Take Gantry—that wasn't acting; that was me! But the prince was inimical to me."

Lancaster got into acting in 1946, at the ripe age of 32. His first picture, *The Killers*, made him into a valuable movie star overnight, even though at the time he knew nothing about acting. By 1960, when he played *Elmer Gantry*, he had learned so much he was able to capture that year's Academy Award as best actor away from four awesomely talented fellow nominees: Spencer Tracy, Jack Lemmon, Trevor Howard and Sir Laurence Olivier. The rumor that the annual Oscar derby is merely a hometown popularity contest has never been dealt a deadlier blow. Lancaster's 1962 picture, *Birdman*

CONTINUED

Latest role of prince in *The Leopard*, Lancaster thinks, is most difficult he ever attempted.



Old Father Burt, Snake Oil Burt

LANCASTER

CONTINUED

of *Alcatraz*, collected another fistful of international awards and several more Oscar nominations.

But Lancaster's credentials for the tribal totem exceed acting talent, physical splendor and box-office magnetism. He is the original model of Hollywood's present elite—the actor-producer who for the past dozen years has controlled the movie industry. Lancaster is the showiest specimen of this exotic breed that Hollywood has ever seen. He knows more about writing, directing, scoring, editing, financing and selling films than any other bigtime movie star, a fact ruefully conceded by even the most ardent advocates of the bubbling cauldron. In one stretch this year he spent 14 weeks sitting in a movie dubbing room, and sometimes climbing its walls, trying to re-record, rejigger and wrench *The Leopard* soundtrack into something resembling English. When the picture was originally shot on location, Lancaster spoke his lines in English; Alan Delon, playing his nephew, Tancredi, spoke French; the heroine, Claudia Cardinale, spoke French in her scenes with Delon, Italian in her scenes with Lancaster; hordes of extras playing Garibaldini and Bourbon troops shout their battle cries in native Sicilian dialect; while ticking through many scenes like a half-heard time bomb is the clicking of a poorly muffled camera. The one man in the world with the patience and fortitude, as well as the ability, to render this auditory *antipasto* acceptable, or at least comprehensible, to American audiences is Burt Lancaster. He simply regards this sort of eyeball-searing, ear-shattering cutting-room work as a form of moonlighting necessary to protect his huge investment in himself.

Lancaster's own personality is as variable as the parts he now plays. Luchino Visconti, who directed *The Leopard*, says, "The prince himself was a very complex character—at times autocratic, rude, strong; at times romantic, good, understanding; sometimes even stupid and, above all, mysterious. Burt is all these things too. I sometimes think Burt is the most perfectly mysterious man I ever met in my life."

The late playwright Clifford Odets, who was one of Hollywood's most perceptive resident anthropologists, said not long be-

fore he died that Lancaster's personal complexity had reached a point where there no longer was any one Burt Lancaster. Odets described seven sub-Lancasters:

No. 1 is Enigmatic Burt, the Inscrutable One, of whom a prominent Hollywood psychoanalyst once said, "That man always gives me the creepiest feeling that I am in one room and he is in another."

No. 2 is Cocksure Burt, a man of total self-confidence, tinged with faint mockery and an edge of contempt.

No. 3 is Wild Man Burt, a creature of enormous enthusiasms, exuberance, and inexhaustible physical energy.

No. 4 is Old Father Burt, a kindly, paternal character who appears when older or weaker persons are present.

No. 5 might be labelled "Mr. Hyde," cutting, tearing Burt who is remarkable not so much for his vulgarity (which can be spectacular) but for the destructive quality of his cruelty.

No. 6 is the Marquis de Lancaster, a distinguished gentleman of the old school, rather mincing and prancing, who talks as if he'd just stepped out of the Congress of Vienna.

No. 7 is Snake Oil Burt, con man, mischief-maker, and light-hearted rogue.

The seven Lancaster personalities have a way of snapping in and out of focus with bewildering rapidity and apparently at random. In the actor's company one always wants to shout: Will the real Burt Lancaster please stand up? But he never does. Or does he? One is not sure.

Perhaps because he is so many people, Lancaster appears to have no need of other companionship. When he is not in front of a camera or behind his office desk, he becomes invisible in the gaudy Hollywood landscape. He avoids the usual movie star appearances and socializing. Rather than hanging around to adorn the American premiere of *The Leopard*, basking in the appearances like an orthodox celebrity, Lancaster had already departed for Europe again. This time it's to play a French railway guard in a sort of Gallic *The Great Escape*, entitled *The Train*.

In Hollywood, Lancaster lives in comfortable seclusion with his wife, Norma Anderson Lancaster, and their five children, ages 9 to 17. Soon the seclusion will become downright medieval. In 1961 the elaborate Lancaster homestead—house, gym, projection room, full-size night baseball field, kennels,



Lancaster wed Norma Anderson, former USO entertainer, in 1946. They now have five children.

stables, the works—burned to the ground in the disastrous Bel Air fire. The family lost everything but their vast, valuable art collections, which happened to be on loan to the Los Angeles County Museum. But an even more elaborate encampment was designed for the burnt-out acreage, and it will be ready for occupancy this fall. The new main house is surrounded by a lushly landscaped moat.

By moats—and at times more vigorous means such as his own powerful fists—Lancaster has for years kept himself completely aloof from journalists, TV hosts and all others whom he suspects may be bent on inducing the real Burt Lancaster to stand up. To an occasional reporter Lancaster does give what might be termed "long shrift": the reporter is assured of a sort of diplomatic immunity if he wishes to hang around the muscular sphinx and figure things out for himself. "If I say or do something you think makes me look foolish, go ahead and report it!" the actor declares with the confident air of Houdini climbing into a trunk.

In his 49 years the Oscar-shaped movie star has tried to be many things as well as many men. But he has never tried to be lovable or asked, blemish him, to be "understood." If at the peak of his career his inner self remains as inscrutable as a cast-iron fortune cookie, that is exactly as he planned it.

The original, one-piece, non-fragmented Burton Stephen Lancaster was born in New York City, the youngest son of a postal clerk. He was a romantic-minded youth, and at 17 he ran away from home to join the circus. This tender, innocent lad has not been seen since. The next Lancaster on record is a threadbare acrobat who called himself "Lang" and toured the U.S. during the Depression as the top half of a smalltime circus and vaudeville team, Lang & Cravat.

One of Lang's specialties was a headstand atop a 15-foot pole. Often the act was booked into such dinky theaters that while Cravat stood braced and grunting in the footlights' glare, the pole sprouting from his shoulders, Lang found himself high in the dusty, bat-ridden rafters, upside down and totally invisible to the audience. Flexing his magnificent muscles before an indifferent assemblage of moths and gnats, he was in a unique position to note the scruffier aspects of show business (there is no business like it in more ways than Irving Berlin mentions). The experience may explain why, ever since he has been working right side up, Lancaster has so vigorously opposed the widespread show business tendency to hoke up the facts.

The upside-down Lancaster disappeared into the Army shortly after Pearl Harbor and he has not been seen since either. The next incarnation of any note was a far tougher character named B. S. Lancaster, Private First Class. He surfaced in 1945 in the elevator of a New York office building on his way to look up a U.S.O. girl he had met overseas. In the same elevator stood a Broadway casting agent, wondering where the devil to find a rugged sergeant-type for a new Army play, when suddenly he found himself pinned to the rear of the car by the widest pair of shoulders he had ever seen. In short order, Broadway's scarcity of broad shoulders being acute in those immediately postwar days, Lancaster was separated from the Army and placed on public view at the Lyceum Theater. He played the fourth lead in *A Sound of Hunting*, which lasted for 24 performances. Although the play was a flop, the shoulders were a smash. Lancaster was invited to lunch by every movie scout and talent agent in town.

Body Beautiful and a Larval Napoleon

At one lunch Lancaster met a smalltime literary agent named Harold Hecht who normally handled writers, not actors, but who offered to make Lancaster his first performing client. The ex-acrobat was entranced by the idea of having an agent who would spend all of his time selling only one actor, Burt Lancaster, so he brushed aside all the other grey flannel sharks and signed with Hecht.

Hecht had started out in show business as a tap dancer. He was so short that he always looked as if he were about to vault onto Lancaster's brawny shoulders and—Allez oop!—start doing tricks. In a sense, he did. Only seven years after the impoverished pair alighted in Hollywood they were doing so well financially that Hecht was able to afford a Cadillac station wagon, a yacht and an El Greco. Lancaster was doing even better: he was able to afford Hecht.

The team had a symbiotic relationship. Lancaster was the brawny body beautiful, evidently constructed in just the proportions the public unknowingly had been yearning for. On the strength of his very first two pictures, *The Killers* and *Brute Force*, the actor and his agent were able to obtain financing to produce a picture of their own, something called *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands*.

Hecht soon revealed himself as a larval Napoleon with a flair for showmanship, a modicum of taste and an innate understanding of the chemistry of How to Succeed. Numerous Hollywood natives believe that without Hecht's initial guidance the unschooled acrobat might have remained nothing more than an airborne Esther Williams. But Lancaster learned fast. "*Kiss the Blood* was just a way of getting our feet wet," Lancaster says today. Soon the partners found their real milieu: they began to specialize in swashbucklers like *The Crimson Pirate*. Sometimes the pirates were buccaneers, and sometimes they were Indians (*Apache*) or cowboys (*Vera Cruz*) or medieval merry men (*The Flame and the Arrow*). Bedazzled by the red glare of Technicolor, audiences never seemed to notice the difference. These pictures didn't win any prizes but they were handsomely mounted and during the 1930s they lured so many millions of people away from the fuzzy monotony of TV's tiny screen that, while the major studios were shriveling, Hecht and Lancaster began to swashbuckle around in their own profits.

Waist-deep in cash and with virtually no overhead, they decided they could afford to relax long enough to do some pictures just for kicks. Lancaster wanted to try his hand at directing a picture: so, in *The Kentuckian*, he did. Bronx-raised Hecht felt powerfully drawn to a story about a lonely Bronx butcher named Marty. This venture had a hopelessly noncommercial smell, but how much could he lose? The picture was budgeted at only \$343,000. When the old-time Hollywood natives heard that Hecht was going to make a movie about a lovelorn butcher, they concluded that H-L must have become so rich that, for tax reasons, it desperately needed a surefire, guaranteed flop.

As a tax dodge, *Marty* was disastrous. It grossed \$5 million. It also won four Oscars as the best written, best directed, best acted and best picture of 1955. Now H-L was not only rich, it was a high-class outfit; it had made an art film. A small insight into the viewpoints of the two partners is that Hecht thereafter called *Marty* an "ott film" and Lancaster with equal accuracy called it a "freak."

By 1956 H-L operations were in high gear. Their last five pictures (four Lancaster swashbucklers plus *Marty*) had cost only \$7,343,000 and grossed \$42 million. United Artists, which bankrolled them, was itself surviving chiefly on its H-L revenues. Hecht functioned chiefly as front-office man, dealmaker and creative showman; Lancaster was the box-office beefcake on which the empire had been built, but the sheer momentum of success stimulated both his driving physical energy and his extremely disciplined, methodical nature. He felt compelled to involve himself in all the minute details of picture-making, a craft as exacting and exasperating as engraving the Lord's Prayer on a rice grain. It takes a fanatic to stick with it. For 12 years, Lancaster stuck.

When the booming company outgrew its third rented office building, the partners built a small Taj Mahal of their own. It was paved with acres of white broadloom and furnished in the quasi-oriental style known to Hollywood natives both as L. B. Ming and Metro-Goldwyn-Medici. Hecht's sumptuous office was hung with such a profusion of high-priced "ott" that the Corcoran, Uffizi and so on seemed parquetted onto the walls. A former office boy recalls, "The place looked like a scene out of *Citizen Kane*." Lancaster's office was more modest, though it

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LANCASTER CONTINUED

did contain a half-dozen Rouault paintings of circus acrobats, a barbecue and a real waterfall. The showplace of the building was a marble-walled \$15,000 men's room with onyx fixtures, gold plumbing, a purple velvet divan, and towels on which "H-L" was embroidered in real gold thread.

One day in 1956 the Hollywood press was summoned to Hecht's office and told that no less than 14 H-L blockbusters were in the works, all indisputably high-class. Odets was scripting A. B. Guthrie's Pulitzer prize-winning, *The Way West*, for Lancaster, James Stewart, Katharine Hepburn and Gary Cooper; John van Druten was adapting Turgenev's *First Love* for Audrey Hepburn; Tennessee Williams was preparing a script for Sir Carol Reed; the G.B.S. estate had just granted an option on *The Devil's Disciple* to be enacted by Lancaster and Sir Laurence Olivier. At a time when the major movie studios were being forced to survive by renting out their dark stages to the upstarts from TV, this was an incredible lineup. Lancaster sat quietly in a corner until Hecht's glittering recital ended. Then he said, "Before you go, boys, we have one other bit of news. From now on the correct name of this firm is Hecht-Hill-Lancaster." Newsweek present says that Hecht's face drained white.

James Hill had been a kind of subliminal literary man at M-G-M and was soon to marry Rita Hayworth. Despite what seemed slender credentials, he had already served for two years as H-L's top production executive. His special assignment was developing stories with the writers. Hollywood was aware that a behind-the-scenes power struggle had been brewing at H-L for some time, and that Hill consistently lined up with Lancaster against Hecht. Says one veteran employee, whose tenure at H-L drove him trembling to the psychiatrist's couch, "Massive anxiety hung like a cloud over that organization. There arose among those three men a neurotic confluence so thick, so intense, you could almost cut it out like a paper pattern."

A tough-minded private secretary disagrees. "All the gals in town were doing to work there. They paid the highest salaries; they were

the first to give writers and directors a share of the profits. They were innovators in this town, and they were alive."

The first picture that Hill produced as a partner was *Sweet Smell of Success*, a bitter portrait of a ruthless gossip columnist devoid of all human feelings except for his own lust for power. *Sweet Smell* was in several ways a turning point in Lancaster's life. It was the first H-L, or H-H-L, picture to lose money. "We had become 'artistic,'" Lancaster says now, mockingly audible in his voice. "Sweet Smell" cost \$2,600,000 and it had no popular appeal. We were spending more money than the subject matter justified." Nonetheless, Lancaster thought at the time that it was the best acting he had ever done. After the San Francisco preview, he was so pleased he grabbed the screenwriter, Clifford Odets, in a bear hug and danced him around the theater lobby. Off to one side Hecht stood hunched into the collar of his polo coat, muttering, "I hate, hate, hate this picture!"

The sweet smell around H-H-L itself was becoming overpowering. What had begun as a small, lively, tasteful independent company with a negligible overhead had become an unwieldy and extravagant empire with 60 or 70 employees. And thanks to the unremitting but hardly unrequited efforts of its high-priced writing stable, it had in 18 months amassed a \$2,500,000 inventory of unproduced scripts.

Hecht-Lancaster had been set up originally on a hand-tooled, or elves' workshop basis. When phenomenal success forced it to function on an assembly line basis, the mechanism broke down. And without doubt the sweet smell was affecting the elves themselves in subtle, personal ways. Hecht, Hill and Lancaster seemed to change from inseparable buddies into three violently warring personalities. The thousands of tiny, endless production details which moviemaking consists of became a crushing burden, especially to Lancaster, whose driving, detail-obsessed nature cannot let things slide. The drunken-sailor fiscal policies of the company probably outraged Lancaster's basically frugal nature. Most important, H-H-L was simply not making money any more.

Then M-G-M, which was foundering badly itself in those days, made an interesting proposition. If Lancaster would accept the title role in *Ben-Hur*, they would give him a million dollars, take over the entire pile of unproduced scripts, and also put H-H-L in

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With Each New Role, Still Another Face

charge of all M-G-M feature production. But Hecht and Lancaster turned the offer down. Among other reasons, Lancaster to his credit thought the *Ben-Hur* project was a crashing bore. If he was going to do something in the religious line, he preferred to make *Elmer Gantry*. When he did, for United Artists with director Richard Brooks, his walkout scuttled H-H-L for good, and Hollywood has been a drabber town since.

Harold Hecht—looking back through the mellow glow wrought by four years, two psychoanalysts and renewed vigor as an independent producer (*Taras Bulba*)—says today: "Burt was ashamed of being an actor. He did it grudgingly. . . I still think, if we had lasted just two more years, we would have made an imperishable mark on this business."

Lancaster, as usual, is more of a cold-eyed realist. "You come to a point where things just don't work any more. It's like a marriage breaking up and then one person saying, 'For the kids' sake, let's get together again.' It never works out."

In his private life Lancaster today is a fighter against cancer, a member of the Book Find Club, an outspoken advocate of racial equality, a lecturer on cinema arts, a nature conservationist, a physical-fitness enthusiast, an informed world citizen, a full-time Pony League coach and a spark plug of the PTA. "The most important and difficult problem we face is to find a way to preserve the wonderful curiosity and desire to learn and express himself that every child is born with," he says, admitting that all his children hate school or at least are bored with it. As a boy in East Harlem, he says, he loved school. Why, he wonders, the difference? For a busy movie star Lancaster spends an unusual amount of time with his own children; he drives them to school, helps with homework and supervises baseball practice "which I need like a hole in the head." His conversation returns constantly to the difficulties of leading a warm, involved family life.

Lancaster saw the Bel Air fire as a heaven-sent opportunity to isolate himself and his family altogether from the phony Hollywood life. He has always been distressed that Bel Air offers his children no neighborhood life, no place to play except at home, nowhere to go unless he or Norma drives them. Despite the pool, the baseball field

and so on, it is not like the good old days of Burt's childhood on East 106th Street. "We had five settlement houses in our neighborhood, three libraries! There was always stickball, or some other excitement, something to do!"

Dismayed that his own children were being deprived of these delights, Burt called a family conference after the fire to propose that "we all move to some nice place like Portland or Seattle and buy a nice \$20,000 house in a nice suburb with sidewalks to ride bikes on, and a real neighborhood feeling." He was terribly disappointed when his family voted him down.

Professionally, today, Lancaster's violent, bursting energy is channeled into his work as an actor. He not only becomes involved in the tiniest aspect of each picture, he personally identifies with each new character to such a degree that each film role becomes another face of Lancaster to be added to Odets' original list of seven. For the past three or four years Lancaster has been especially preoccupied with Robert Stroud, the real-life hero of *Birdman of Alcatraz* (LIFE, Aug. 24, 1962). Stroud was a semi-illiterate killer who has now survived 44 years in solitary confinement and made himself one of the greatest living experts in his own field—the diseases of birds. Though entombed, Stroud refuses to die. Despite, or perhaps because of his confinement, he has become a man of implacable will, tremendous stubbornness, infinite patience and monumental self-control. Stroud's attorney, Stanley Furman, who spent a good deal of time with Lancaster during the preparation of Stroud's film biography, says, "I think Stroud has the characteristics Burt sees and likes best in himself—a straightforwardness that borders on tactlessness and an enormous capacity for survival."

Hecht says, "Burt became obsessed by Stroud. He lost a chance to make a \$750,000 picture because he couldn't stop tinkering with *Birdman*. People are compelled to become what they are by the special circumstances of their lives. Look at Stroud and look at Burt. Burt became a good actor because he's locked in, too."

Lancaster says, "Stroud will not kowtow. He will not make polite amends for what he has done. He will not say 'Daddy.' He will not be anything he is not. That, to my mind, is the greatest nobility a man can achieve."



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Winthrop Rockefeller and his wife Jeanette (center) take Nelson and Happy to Little Rock's new Arkansas Arts Center to show their contribution, Milton Hebard's fountain *Harvest*. Winthrop married Jeanette, who is president of the museum's board of trustees, in 1956.

LIFE goes to Winthrop Rockefeller's party

An Arkansas Anniversary

When Winthrop Rockefeller moved to Arkansas he started spraying money over the state like water from a fountain. And under the deluge things began to grow—schools, a museum, hospitals, new industries. For himself, Rockefeller bought 24,000 acres of farms and built a mountain-top home near Little Rock where, to celebrate his 10th anniversary as an Arkansan, he gave a mammoth party. Winthrop's brother Nelson, governor of New York, came with his wife Happy for the 600-guest banquet that started things off. This was followed three days later by an outing for 1,500—a carnival of

Ferris wheels, pony rides, free hamburgers, soft drinks and cotton candy.

Visitors who had the strength and time roamed around the 1,000-acre estate, complete with six man-made lakes, air strip, fire station, animal hospital and 450 Santa Gertrudis cattle. When the last of the guests had left, Rockefeller threw a barbecue for employees and their families—and wound up, at the end of the fun, five pounds lighter than when it began. He also wound up looking even better to a strong group of Arkansas Republicans who want him to run for governor.

A Colossal Cake Covered with History and

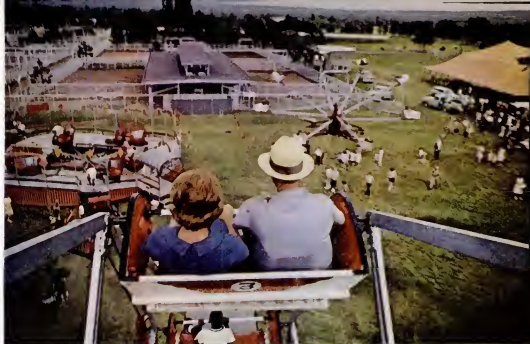


The Rockefellers slice into a 450-pound cake given by Little Rock businessmen and iced with chronology of Rockefeller's 10 years in Arkansas. It was so enormous it had to be rolled in on a cart used to move caskets at a local mortuary.



A trio of children look back from their Ferris wheel perch at their host, Winthrop Rockefeller (left), taking a spin with Everett A. Ham Jr., who assists him in his duties as the Republican National Committeeman from Arkansas.

a Carnival Day



Guests who wanted to see more of the Rockefeller farm did it the easy way from the top of the two Ferris wheels. All the rides were hired for the day

from a traveling carnival. The tent to the right contained hamburger and soft-drink stands. Corral in the background is used for Rockefeller's prize cattle.



A Santa Gertrudis bull gets once-over from Bill Haynes, 1, son of a cattle breeder, Lynn Wade, daughter of a farm electrician, and Doug Burton, 1,

son of a leading Arkansas Republican. Rockefeller has been very active in Republican politics and, like his brother, lines up with the party's liberal wing.



Rockefeller handed out lapel pins and certificates of service to feed-mill operator Carroll West and to 26 others who started with him 10 years ago.



"Why doesn't somebody do something about our southeastern winter weather?"

asks Mrs. Norman Engard, Housewife of Decatur, Georgia

It's so *changeable*! I have four children and, believe me, driving the children to school on cold or rainy days...going down to the shopping center...off to the bowling lanes...out to my club work...keeps me outdoors and on the go a lot. And I *notice* the weather.

The only thing I can do about it is to dress for it.

A heavy, bulky coat always seems to get in my way. Yet, when those cold days come, I want to be warm. (My husband and children feel the same way about it...and, of course, I want to make sure my children keep warm.)

We all need the kinds of coats and outerwear that feel light and just right when it's only chilly...but that keep the cold out tight when the temperature drops down low. I think we've discovered the best solution.

I'm no scientist...but I've learned from the hangtags that a MILIMUM INSULATED LINING is the result of a special processing of the *actual lining* of a garment. It shuts out the weather without adding any bulk or weight. You can't see it or feel it...but, I can tell you, it works! It makes any coat or outer garment just right the year round...no matter what the temperature. And it dry-cleans beautifully. (It's marvelous in draperies, too.)

I guess nobody can change the weather...but my family does something about it. We insist that our coats and outerwear and draperies have that *something special* inside.

I mean a... *Milimum*
INSULATED LINING
or MILIMUM *plus*...
foam insulated lining

Coats lined with MILIMUM and MILIMUM PLUS are now available at your favorite store.



ROCKEFELLER CONTINUED

Rockefeller shares a joke (left) with sister-in-law Hap-
py at banquet given in his
honor where Arkansas lead-
ing citizens praised what he
has done for the state. Be-
low, at Little Rock airport,
he opens his coat to protect
Jeannette from jet blast as
New York Rockefellers leave.

Dedicated Patron of His State

When Winthrop Rockefeller and Arkansas paused to take stock of their first decade together, both were impressed. The once-failing state had made an astonishing recovery—and much of it could be traced to Rockefeller.

Rockefeller moved slowly. He spent two years developing his own farm before starting in on the state. Then, as head of the newly formed Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, he made speeches to businessmen all over the country plugging Arkansas. With the door-opening Rockefeller name behind it, the commission wooed 6,000 industries. Rockefeller entertained prospects at his farm, called on them and appeared at plant dedication ceremonies. At latest count, Arkansas has 532 new industries and its dwindling population has started to increase.

Rockefeller did not stop with industry. After pouring some \$3 million into philanthropic projects, he turned to politics. In 1959 he formed a "Committee for Two Parties" and stumped the state with the idea that the Democrats needed competition. In 1961 he was named national committeeman. Last year the Republicans ran 150 candidates—more than ever before—for state offices. Many observers think that some time in this decade Arkansas will have its first Republican governor since 1874—and they are betting Rockefeller will be the man.

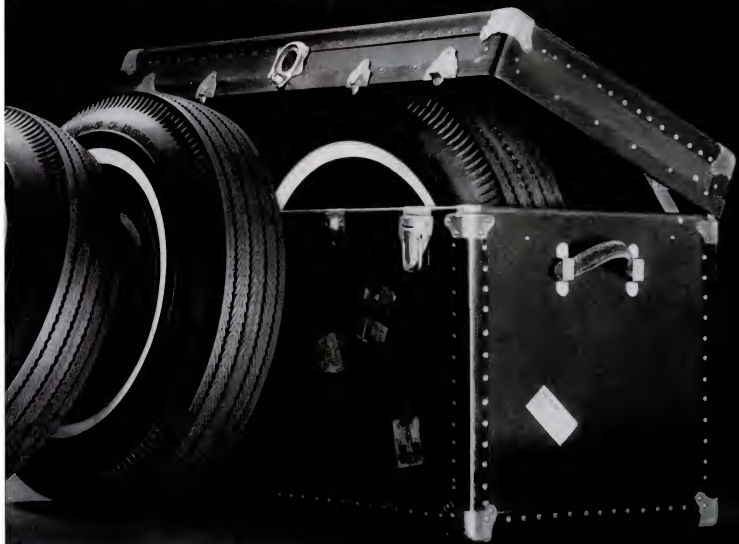




One out of every five new U.S. Royals may never see action . . .

...because it may be a spare—backing up four other new U.S. Royals. U.S. Royals, you see, are newly engineered to keep your spare in the trunk. An example of our precise engineering is CVC™. This is what we call our patented “invisible lock” that fuses the key tire elements into one, practically inseparable unit. CVC adds strength to tires—strength to withstand the merciless battering, wear and impact*

Engineered to keep your spare in the trunk



you subject them to every time you drive. Even in the searing heat that develops during high-speed driving, your new U.S. Royals will earn your confidence. But that's not all. There are 57 other ways to rate tire quality and performance. And new U.S. Royals must measure up in every category. With new U.S. Royals on your car, your spare—and your family—will have a mighty carefree life.

U. S. ROYAL® TIRES



In Canada, Dominion Royal Tires

* In Royal Master • Super Safety 800XP

Safety 600 • Safety Special • Air Rides



THERE'S AN EMPTY ONE NOW!

Grinning like a man who's been standing on the same corner for half an hour and finally spots an empty taxi, Jimmy Parks of Charlotte, N.C. makes as if to hurl himself into the water to stop the thing. Which would have been foolhardy indeed, considering the fact that he had already been in the boat once and it had thrown him out. Jimmy, who works for the Parks

and Recreation Department, was using the boat to churn up lake water and provide more oxygen for fish. When he gunned it a bit too much, the bow shot up in the air and flipped him into the lake. He scrambled safely to shore and watched. The boat ran in circles, seemed for an instant to be drawing a bead on yonder white duck, then careened undamaged onto shore.



Photographed at Dumbarton, Scotland, by "21" Brands

A squad of geese guards Ballantine's sunny-light Scotch



From one of our guards and a bottle, we got her back but had to pay doubly to do so. (Lanark Herald, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, 12-15-92)

At Dumbarton, Scotland, thousands of barrels of Ballantine's Scotch Whisky lie slumbering in the aging sheds.

This yard is guarded by a proud squad of white Chinese geese, (led by a crusty old gander called Mr. Ballantine). The uninvited must first

deal with these stern sentinels. One shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings authorities. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" the moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its sunny-light taste.

Once harmonized into Ballantine's, the result is Scotch unsurpassed in smoothness — never heavy or brash... nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



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Add it up: only Winston gives you a pure white, modern filter
 plus Filter-Blend up front. Result: filter smoking at
 its flavorful best. Next time, make it Winston!

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Winston tastes good like a cigarette should!